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McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

NO. 29

VOL. XLII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905.

TWO ACCIDENTS AND AN INCIDENT

Mrs. Wilber Irons Sustains a Broken Arm in Runaway Accident.

CLERMONT MAN BADLY INJURED.

Miss Bessie Heinemann Has a Narrow Escape—Three Thrilling Occurrences of the Week.

Yesterday afternoon as George Gerritt was returning from Frog Camp, driving John Forrest's touring car, he met Miss Bessie Heinemann in a single rig in the vicinity of her home near Colegrove. The horse became frightened and sprang forward dragging the young lady over the dash board. She was caught between the dash board and thills and was in this perilous position when Mr. Gerritt stopped the machine and rushed to her assistance. Before he reached her the plucky young lady had stopped the horse and regained the seat in the buggy. She said she was not injured in the least and after the horse had been led by the automobile calmly proceed to drive home.

JAMES MALONEY BADLY INJURED.

James Maloney, a well known resident of Clermont, was badly injured Thursday last, about noon. Mr. Maloney was in a coal mine making some repairs and stepped under the cage to a water pipe. While he was there the cage, which is an elevator running up and down a shaft of the mine, weighing about 3,000 pounds, dropped in some way and the man had just warning enough to jump into a small recess in the wall in time to miss being struck fairly by the falling weight, which would have crushed him to a pulp. As it happened he was partially struck by the cage, quickly removed from the mine by workmen and Dr. Burg Chadwick of Smethport summoned.

The doctor drove to Clermont just before the terrific storm broke over this section of the country and found that his patient had sustained a very severe fracture of his right leg, the bones protruding through the flesh. Several ribs on his right side were broken and one of them forced inwardly. The victim's head was terribly bruised. The injuries were treated and the patient made as comfortable as possible.

Dr. Chadwick informed the MINER yesterday that Mr. Maloney's condition was very satisfactory and that he had hopes of his eventual complete recovery although sufficient time has not yet elapsed to make certain any result.

Mr. Maloney is well known throughout the county, having been a Democratic candidate for the office of county commissioner about three years ago. He has a host of friends who will hope for his rapid recovery. It was the accident to Mr. Maloney which started the report that a man had been killed in Clermont during Thursday's storm.

RUNAWAY ACCIDENT SATURDAY.

Early Saturday evening Wilbar Irons of Marvin creek was bringing a wagon load of people to the tent meeting at Island Park and met Dr. Clark and a friend in the doctor's steam automobile along the road above the county farm. The machine was stopped and as the horses drawing the load acted nervous they were led to a field nearby and a man stood at their heads until the automobile passed.

After it had proceeded some distance the team broke away from all control and in spite of the efforts of the driver started on a run.

The wagon was upset and its eleven occupants, including several women and two babies, were thrown out.

Mrs. Wilbar Irons sustained a broken arm, the fracture being near the shoulder. Other members of the party received slight bruises and some of them were considerably shaken up. Dr. Clark attended to their injuries and reduced the fracture of Mrs. Irons' arm. She is reported in a comfortable condition.

Arrested for Larceny.

Hugh Lacey, wanted in Smethport on a larceny charge, was detained by the Kane police Saturday and brought to this town by Constable E. W. Jones Monday morning.

On January 10, 1905, two razors were stolen from M. J. Norris' barber shop in Smethport. Two men were soon after arrested on suspicion. One of them, named Sweeney, was discharged at a hearing and the other, Mack Douglass, held for court. The jury in his case found him not guilty.

Developments in the case showed that Lacey was the man wanted and the authorities have been looking for him for several months.

Lacey pleaded guilty at a hearing before Justice Knapp Monday morning and is in jail in default of $300 bail. He admitted taking the razors and says that Mack Douglass was with him at the time. Lacey is a glassworker of the sort described as "floaters."

Thursday's Storm.

One of the most terrific rain, hail and wind storms that has visited this section in a number of years occurred last Thursday afternoon. The storm struck the town with great suddenness about 2 o'clock and continued for more than 30 minutes. Rain fell in torrents, transforming the streets into miniature rivers, while the water pouring from the hillsides filled cellars, washed out gardens and lawns and did considerable damage. The wind blew with great velocity and trees were uprooted and broken off in various parts of the town.

E. W. Strong's cellar wall for his new dwelling house on East King street was undermined by water and portions of it fell in. Much of the stone work will have to be done anew.

A large tree, broken by the wind, fell upon the roof of a house belonging to W. H. Wetenhall on Mechanic street and the jar damaged the plastering to a considerable extent.

It is also reported that a barn on the farm occupied by F. F. Riggall, on Cemetery street, was moved from its foundation by the wind.

Many cellars were completely filled with water and their contents ruined.

Reports from nearby farming districts says that crops of all kind were greatly damaged. A great quantity of hay was down and much of it will be a total loss.

Two large shade trees on the west side of the Wright House were broken by the wind and as Landlord Wright is a man who takes great care of his trees, he was especially concerned over the damage.

The roof of the grandstand at Kane Field was blown off and will cost the Baseball Association quite a bill for repairs.

Death of Frederick Spinney.

Died, at his home in East Smethport, July 18, 1905, at 3:30 a. m., Frederick Spinney, after several weeks illness, of typhoid fever.

Mr. Spinney was born in Bancraft, Maine, Nov. 14, 1878, and came to East Smethport when a young boy, where he has since resided. Fred was an industrious young man of a genial disposition, which won him the sincere friendship of a large number of people. He was married a few years ago to Miss Lizzie Warner, who, with his mother, Mrs. Eliza J. Spinney, survive him. Also left to mourn his death are three sisters: Mrs. Maurice Mowry, Mrs. John Sherwood and Mrs. Elmer Raymond, and two brothers, Robert and Howard Spinney.

A prayer was read at the house this morning at 10 o'clock and the remains taken to Grimes District church where funeral services were held, Rev. H. A. Reed of Port Allegany officiating. The burial was in Grimes District cemetery.

Race Track Started.

Work has been commenced on the race track at East Smethport and at present there are seven teams and about 15 men employed on the grading. We were informed yesterday that in a few days they expected to double the crew and that the work would be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

It is the intention of the directors of the association to push the work as fast as possible and they expect to have the track finished by the first of September. The grandstand, stables and other buildings will also be rushed to completion and it is the intention now to have a fair and races here this fall—either the latter part of September or early in October.

Just as soon as the work on the track and buildings is far enough along to assure their being finished in time the management will start preparations for the fair, and we have every reason to believe that there will be successful races and fair this fall.

Excitement at Sweden Valley.

At Sweden Valley, Potter county, on Sunday morning of last week Pastor William Mathewson of the Methodist church took the occasion to denounce secret societies. His remarks became so personal and abusive that two prominent members of the congregation remonstrated with him and were ordered from the edifice. It is said that Mathewson made the remark that he could whip any three men in Sweden Valley. He was formerly a woodsman and is over six feet in height, and no report is made of anyone disputing his claim. The pastor caused the arrest of the two men who interrupted his speech on a charge of disturbing a religious meeting. With the ice mine so handy there seems little excuse for any resident of Sweden Valley becoming "hot-headed." A few minutes spent in meditation in the icy depths of that cave should make people take a more conservative view of things in general.

Notice to Taxpayers.

During my absence the tax duplicate for Smethport borough will be in the hands of Charles Lemmler who is authorized to receive taxes.

R. C. GLEASON,
Tax Collector.

Subscribe for the MINER.

FELL FROM THE ROOF.

Clifford Burlingame Met With an Accident This Morning.

While working on the roof of M. D. Shook's house on Bank street, about 10 o'clock this morning, Clifford Burlingame met with an accident. The ladder upon which he was standing had been raised from the porch roof to the roof of the upright. The ladder slipped and Mr. Burlingame fell to the porch roof, striking with great force upon his back. He was taken to his home and examined by Dr. Hamilton, who found that no bones were broken, but that his patient was painfully bruised and considerably shaken up. Some of the rumors about town this morning in regard to his injuries were greatly exaggerated.

Our Plain People.

The Bradford Era truthfully says: The man who is one of the people is generally called Jim, Jack, Joe or Pete, as the case may be. There are no trimmings to his name. He is an easy-going companionable man. In most cases he is the one who is asked to lend a hand or a dollar when somebody needs help. In most cases he offers aid before it is asked. He does not insist that he be called Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, Tom, Bob or any name will do him. He is the plain, blunt man of whom Shakespeare wrote. No affectation can be found in him. To be a man of the people, having the confidence of the public and being recognized as a square-dealing, honorable citizen, causes one to be regarded with a sort of brotherly affection. Hence the plain name by which he is known. His is the same sort of name which you would use in addressing a brother or an uncle. If means more than the stilted titles of the nobility of the old world, or the enforced, mishit dignity assumed in the nomenclature of certain self-conscious Americans.

Under New Management.

O. H. Gallup and son, W. H. Gallup, have purchased the controlling interest in The Lindholm Company's big department store in this town. The business of the store will be conducted under the management of W. H. Gallup, which is a guarantee that reliable and enterprising methods will be the rule and that the store will continue to enjoy liberal patronage. The name of the concern will remain the same. The Messrs. Gallup are substantial citizens of the kind that are a genuine benefit to a town and the MINER is pleased that they have again entered into the business affairs of Smethport.

Meller-Strevino Marriage.

Miss Mary Strevino of Smethport and Mr Tony Meller of Mt. Jewett, prominent Italian people were married Saturday last at Allegany, N. Y., by a priest, who speaks the Italian language. The bride is an attractive young lady who has resided with her parents in Smethport for a number of years. She can speak and write the English language and her services as interpreter were in great demand among Americans and Italians who had business to transact.

The MINER extends its best wishes for a happy and prosperous married life to Mr. and Mrs. Meller.

Editor in Trouble.

Henry A. Parsons, Jr., editor of the Elk Enterprise, seems to have incurred the displeasure of the "powers that be" in St. Marys. In his zeal to better the condition of the town his paper so ably represents he made himself unpopular with a certain bunch, and according to his paper last week a part of the "getting even" process consisted in jumping on the editor for a bill which he was unable to pay at once and as a result his household goods are advertised at sheriff's sale. Mr. Parsons edits a newsy paper and it is hoped he will triumph over his present difficulties.

Died From Effects of Morphine.

Mrs. Clara Buckley, aged 25 years, died at the Bradford hospital Sunday afternoon from the effects of a dose of morphine. Whether it was taken accidentally or with suicidal intent is not known. She was found in her rooms on Chambers street, suffering terribly, and removed to the hospital where she was given every attention without avail. Mrs. Buckley is survived by a husband and two children, with whom she had not been living for the past several months.

Through Scenic Colorado

to Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles via the Missouri Pacific Railway. Tickets on sale during the summer months at very low rates. Through Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Car Service from St Louis to the Pacific Coast. For rates and information address Jno R James, Central Passenger Agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Ice cream, ice cream soda and all flavors of ice cream in bulk delivered to any part of town. Send in your order by phone. JAMES QUIRK,
Model Restaurant.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

The celebrated Ney hay carriers and horse forks at J. C. Hamlin's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

M. A. Sprague recalled: I have known Tracy two or three years; I have been in business in this borough and saw him around; in my opinion he is sane; never saw anything to make me think him insane.

Mrs. A. J. Nourse sworn: I live two miles from here and near Mr. Reilly's; have known Andy Tracy all my life; know him in school; never saw anything to make me think him insane; he came to our house one evening I think in November, 1877, with Maggie Reilly and he was intoxicated; that was the last time he was at our house.

Mrs. Harriet Gifford sworn: I live adjoining the Tracy farm; I have known Andrew since a small boy; have conversed with him often both as a boy and man; the last time I saw him was on the fifteenth of September last; I spoke to him on that day; always supposed he was sane.

Cross-examined.

I did not have much conversation with him at that time.

George King sworn: Have known Andy from boyhood up; I live a mile and a half from the Tracy farm; we went to school together when boys; have met him often in the last year; I judged him a sane man.

E. L. Chapin sworn: I live a mile and a half from the Tracy farm; have known Andy Tracy ever since a child; have met him frequently during the past three years and had conversations with him; my judgment as that he is sane.

Seth Gifford sworn: Have known Andy Tracy ever since I was old enough to know anybody; have seen him occasionally in the last two or three years; always thought he was a sane man.

Zavalia Gifford sworn: I live in the borough of Smethport; have seen defendant often in the last three or four years; judging from conversation with Tracy always thought him sane.

Dr. E. G. Brown sworn: I am a physician; have practiced four years; have known Andrew Tracy in the neighborhood of four years; have had charge of the health of prisoners in jail for 3 or 4 years; since he has been confined in the jail I purchased Appleton's Cyclopedia from him; from what I have seen of him I conclude that he is entirely sane; I have had insane prisoners under my charge.

C. K. Sartwell sworn: Have known Andy Tracy from boyhood; have met him frequently in the last two or three years; have had some business with him in an official capacity as prothonotary; never thought of his being insane—that never occurred to me.

Frank Kerns sworn: I reside in the borough; have conversed with Andrew Tracy; have done business with him; I put a spring in a revolver for him.

Wilbur Acre sworn: I live three-fourths of a mile from the Tracy farm; know Andy Tracy; we used to go to school together; have seen him often in the last two or three years; I think he is sane and was sane always.

Here the Commonwealth rested their case, but as the defense asked leave to submit the testimony of another witness, the Court expressed a wish to hear all they had to offer on the subject.

R. B. Andrews sworn: I was acquainted with Andrew Tracy a little over a year; never noticed anything out of the way with him.

Cross-examined.

I know him quite well.

And here the case of the Commonwealth vs. Andrew Tracy was closed after a rigid and careful examination of 56 witnesses.

The Finale.

The argument was commenced Friday morning and was completed at twelve minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon. District Attorney Samuel W. Smith opened the argument for the Commonwealth and was followed by Hon. W. W. Brown. The defense was then most ably represented by arguments from A. B. Richmond, Esq., of Meadville and Col. C. B. Curtis of Erie. Hon. M. E. Elliott closed the case in a speech of an hour and a half, which was the most powerful legal address that has been heard in McKean county for a long time. When he had concluded the judges of the court consulted together less than five minutes, when Judge Williams announced that they had agreed on a finding of murder in the first degree.

The prisoner throughout the trial manifested no sign of feeling and no interest whatever in the dreadful drama being enacted about him. When the finding was announced he manifested not the slightest emotion, nor did he evince any spirit of bravado. The sentence will not be rendered until the April term.

Thus closed the second act of this most horrible drama, and there yet remains but one more—the execution of the unfortunate young man who in an evil hour permitted himself to be led so far by his passions as to deliberately murder one of the fairest and purest creatures of earth.

(To be continued.)

MANY DEATHS DUE TO HEAT

The Hot Weather of the Week Causes Deaths and Prostrations.

MANY SUFFERERS IN BIG CITIES

Large Number of Deaths Reported From New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Pittsburg.

An area of oppressive heat, that brings to mind with unpleasant vividness the record breaking summer of 1901, has settled down over the Eastern and New England States, already numbering hundreds among its victims, and causing indescribable suffering to thousands in New York and other cities. From all points Tuesday night came the story of the hottest day of the summer, attended with frequent prostrations and not a few deaths.

Philadelphia reported a maximum temperature of 98.3, the highest figure officially noted. In New York City the weather bureau's high mark was 96, while in Boston, where the sun's rays are wont to be tempered by an east wind a temperature of 94 was recorded.

The official thermometer located in exposed places of the street did not, however, indicate the temperature in which the ordinary mortal moved, and many street thermometers indicated a temperature of higher, some reliable instruments registering 104 and 105.

The maximum temperature in different cities was as follows: New York, 96; Philadelphia, 98.3; Baltimore, 95.3; Washington, 95; Boston, 94; Pittsburg, 91; Buffalo, 78.

Fatal prostrations reported were: New York, 23; Philadelphia, 5; Pittsburg 13.

The above figures by no means represent the sum total of human suffering, as an endless number of victims who collapsed at home or in the office or workshop were privately attended.

Tuesday all records for the summer were broken in point of high temperature, but mercifully the humidity was correspondingly less. But for this the total prostrations and deaths must have been enormous. In New York the suffering was intense, especially in the crowded tenement districts, where scarcely a breath of air relieved the stifling atmosphere. Thousands who could afford a holiday flocked to the beaches, but even in the crowds women and children fainted and men were overcome making the trip from home a doubtful experiment, so far as securing any comfort was concerned.

Child Badly Scalded at Kane.

Saturday afternoon as Mrs. George Warner was preparing to do her Saturday's cleaning, she set a pail of boiling hot water on the floor preparatory to mopping. Her little four-year-old daughter was playing about the room and in some unknown manner the little one fell into the pail. She was rescued as quickly as possible and a physician summoned who did all he could to alleviate the little one's sufferings, which were terrible, as she was scalded very badly. Sunday the little one was resting comfortably and the physicians had hopes of the child's recovery.—Kane Republican.

Smethport Boy's Lively Experience.

Fred Purtle, who is playing slide trombone with a circus band, in a letter to his parents in this place reports a lively adventure that befell him on July 4. The circus was showing in a West Virginia town and some of the natives came down out of the mountains, filled up on moonshine wet goods and started in to break up the show. The "Hey Rube" was sounded and the circus men rallied to repel invaders. A lively fistic battle ensued in which Fred was an active participant. The circus men finally triumphed and drove the enemy back to the woods.

Dr. Green's Great Puzzle.

Dr. G. G. Green of Woodbury, New Jersey, will mail for a 2c stamp (simply for postage), one of his great new tricks, a wooden box with glass top, containing six little colored balls. It necessitates remarkable quickness of the eye and hand to master it, but it is possible, with practice. Send for one and mention the MINER.

When preparing for your vacation go to Charles Lemmler for a trunk or traveling bag. His stock is complete and the quality is of the best.

House to Rent.

Nine room house on Hill street. Inquire of Andrew Ness.

Be humane and buy a fly net for your horse. Charles Lemmler has a full line.

Everything in haying tools, best and cheapest at J. C. Hamlin's.

Lemon squeezers that will squeeze at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

The studio of Ralph C. Gleason will be closed until August 1st.

Get the handy ice cream dipper of Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Stokes-Pastor Wedding.

From a two column special to the Philadelphia Press from Noroton, Conn., dated July 18, we clip the following:

Surrounded by a small company of friends and relatives, J. G. Phelps-Stokes, millionaire and scion of an aristocratic family, and Rose Harriet Pastor, of humble birth in a Russian hamlet, and one time cigarette maker, were married at noon to-day in St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal church.

"The principle we act upon is that equality is not merely a dream, but is actual; that the man of the East Side are no different from the men of Fifth Avenue. That is the whole thing."

Those words with which young James Graham Phelps Stokes entered upon his College Settlement work three years ago, are to-day verified to a degree which makes them almost prophetic. Nothing within the memory of any newspaper reader now living has so stirred general public feeling of a sentimental kind as has the recently announced engagement, and now the marriage, of Mr. Phelps Stokes to Miss Rose Harriet Pastor. Mr. Stokes is a millionaire, and the son, nephew and brother of millionaires; Miss Pastor is a cigarmaker and has earned her bread since she was a small child. Mr. Stokes is of proud and aristocratic birth, the girl he loves is a child of the Ghetto, born to poverty and obscurity. He is a Christian; she is a Jew of the Jews of the straight, old-fashioned school, in which persecution has strengthened orthodoxy. Nevertheless, so close was the spiritual affinity between the young people, thrown together in the glamorous surroundings of humanitarian work, that among all their friends (who themselves represent many varying creeds, races and castes), it is spoken of as the inevitable union."

Norton-McGill Nuptials.

Married at 7 o'clock mass Monday, July 3rd, Mr. L. A. Norton of Lima, Ohio, and Miss Marie McGill of Farmers Valley. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Rupert of St. John's church, Lima, Ohio. After services at the church they went to the home of Mr. Norton's sister, Mrs. W. G. Wagoner, where an elegant wedding breakfast was served to a number of friends, among them being a sister of the bride, Mrs.). Hoffman of Coryville, who accompanied her sister to Lima. After a small reception Mr. and Mrs. Norton went to their own home, 702 High street, which had previously been prepared. Mr. Norton is a young business man of Lima, while the bride was formerly a teacher of Smethport and vicinity. Both have many friends who wish them a happy and prosperous wedded life.

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Death of Mrs. Campbell.

Mrs. Catherine Campbell died Saturday morning at 2:10 o'clock at the Bradford hospital as the result of a brief illness. She was a resident of Simpson and was taken to the hospital on Thursday. Friday morning she underwent a surgical operation in the effort to alleviate her condition, but the efforts of the physicians were unavailing, and she grew slowly but steadily worse. She was a widow, aged 56 years, and is survived by five children.—Bradford Star.

The Pacific Coast.

Do you want to live where the climate is mild the year around, where the resources are more varied than in any other equal area in the world, where, with a minimum labor you can grow profitable crops, where business is good and capital finds profitable investment? Both health and opportunity await you on the Pacific coast. Special low rates via the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line. Send 4 cents in stamps to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, for booklets and full information.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July, 15, 1905:

Lester L. Russell.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice of Application of Transfer of Hotel License.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at Smethport, Pa., at chambers, on Saturday, the 29th day of July, 1905, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the transfer of the Hotel License for the Gold Eagle Hotel, situate in the Borough of Eldred, in said county, at the corner of Railroad and Depot Sts. The said license having been granted to Fredia Ogilvie, the present licensee, on the 8th day of May, 1905, and the applicant for the said transfer is W. D. Googs, hotel proprietor of Johnsonburg, Pa.

C. F. HAGENEY,
Atty. for petitioner.

July 14, 1905.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Lemmler's is the place to buy trunks, traveling bags and fly nets. Reliable goods at reasonable prices is his motto.

Pure home made ice cream at the Model Restaurant.

The Crust

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS

Copyright, 1905, by R. C. Eastbrook

Dunforth strolled down the beach looking for a certain white umbrella which he felt sure he would recognize among a thousand similar ones. Far down on the sand dunes, well away from the crowd which thronged the sand, he espied it. He could tell it by the certain rakish angle with which it was always stuck in the sand as well as by the distinctive downward droop of its time worn ribs. Beneath the umbrella he would find her. Dunforth quickened his steps and made for the sand dunes.

As he came nearer he saw the girl in a steamer chair beneath the shelter of the umbrella. She was reclining motionless, her eyes closed. He stole cautiously up and seated himself beside the chair. Still the girl did not move, and from her regular breathing it was apparent she had fallen asleep.

Dunforth dished in his pockets and found some cigars and a little volume of Keats. He touched a match to one of the former and opened the latter. For a time he read and smoked contentedly while the girl in the chair slept on.

At length he lay the book face down on the sand and looked at the girl with a whimsical smile curving his lips. He blew several puffs of white smoke and watched them drift lazily away.

"It is a great chance," he mused softly, "a great chance. Lord knows I'd never have the courage to talk to you as frankly as I intend to do if you were awake, but now I'm going to have a nice long talk with you. Indeed, I shall tell you many things that have been on my mind for some time."

He listened intently to assure himself that the girl's regular breathing was unchanged before he went on.

"We've been the best of friends for the past few years, haven't we? It has been a jolly, confidential friendship, never marred by any 'foolishness,' as you choose to call it. Well, that's one side of it—your side. It hasn't been marred by any spoken 'foolishness' on my part, but there's been an awful



"I WISH YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN."

thinking going on all the same. Good Lord, Amy, you haven't an idea what some things have cost me. I've loved you—do you understand?—loved you from the very first, and yet not one word, not one hint of it, I flatter myself, has ever passed my lips."

He paused and smoked furiously for a time.

"Blast poverty," he burst out, a trifle more vehemently than he intended.

There was a slight movement in the steamer chair. He looked in that direction anxiously, but the girl was breathing deeply regularly. He caught up the volume beside him.

"Here it is—the sum and substance of it all—admirably expressed by Brother Keats."

He turned the pages rapidly to "Endymion" and read, his voice guardedly modified:

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust
Is (Love, forgive us!) cinders, ashes, dust."

"That was what I feared," he mused. "Cinders, ashes, dust! I couldn't drag it down to that, and so—and so I've fostered this beautiful, this idyllic, friendship of ours."

He laid the volume down again.

"Blast poverty," he growled. "I could only thank you love, in the crust variety."

He looked out over the sparkling water. Here and there a sail showed white against the blue of the sky. He watched a solitary gray gull settle slowly in great, indolent circles.

"I wish you could have known," said he, "although, of course, it would have been absurd to tell you. Still, I wish you could have known. Somehow I like this talking frankly to you even if you are asleep. I can tell you now, as I couldn't if you were awake, that I do love you. 'Cinders, ashes, dust!' Dear, dear! It would never do. You'd come to think me little and commonplace. Life for you would be a dull, grinding routine. But I feel better to have told you, even in this way."

He opened the volume and began to read silently. The sun crept down toward the west. A breeze sprang up from the water and set the white umbrella swaying.

Presently the girl stirred uneasily and sat up. She blinked sleepily, and her eyes fell on the man.

"Hello, Tom!" she said. "How long have you been here?"

"Just came," he lied regally.

"Was I asleep?" she asked. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"You looked too comfortable," said he. "I hadn't the heart."

She caught sight of the volume.

"Keats!" she exclaimed. "Won't you read to me? 'Endymion,' part two, if you please."

He eyed her sharply. Her face was very grave.

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust
Is (Love, forgive us!) cinders, ashes, dust,"

he read.

There was something suspiciously like a chuckle from the depth of the steamer chair. He closed the book and turned to her quickly.

"Blast poverty!" she said, imitating his tones.

He sprang up and regarded her narrowly.

"You weren't asleep?" he asked incredulously.

"If I was I heard much in a dream," she said.

"Lord!" he groaned. Then he smiled. "Anyway I'm glad you heard," he said definitely.

"So am I," she declared very seriously.

"Do you mean it?" he cried.

She turned her eyes to the sea.

"I am going to risk the crust," she said.

His Client Went Free.

When a young man General Butler was debarred from practice for two years. His first case after that was to be tried before the superior court at Salem. The case was one of theft, and his client was held a prisoner, appearing in the court room under guard. Butler knew the man to be guilty and made a request that he have a few moments' private conversation with his client. The court extended the courtesy and both retired to a private room downstairs. When the door was carefully closed Butler said: "See here, Mr. X., how much money have you with you?" Upon being told he said, "Well, you give me one-half of that now." The man counted out and handed him the money. Then Butler went to a window, opened it wide, turned his back to his client and walked leisurely out of the room, going back to the court room. The court asked Butler where his client was. He looked about the room as if expecting him to be in his place, and replied: "Your honor, I do not know where my client is. It is the custom for the guard to follow his prisoner."

Using Endearing Terms.

Did you ever notice—but of course you did—what a difference there is in men in the matter of using endearing terms? It is just as natural for some men to say "Yes, dear," or "No, sweetheart," as it is for somebody's pet terrier to cause the family cat up a tree. Of course, it doesn't always mean anything in particular. That is to say, if a man calls a girl "dear" or "little one" after he has been paying her distinct attention for awhile, it doesn't necessarily mean that he's going to propose. If certain women would get that through their heads there would be fewer broken hearts. Actions, not words, gauge sincerity, and a man may string the conversation full of pet names and not have any deeper affection than the man who doesn't call his wife "dear." It is only a habit, but it is such a pretty one and it is so easy a way of making a woman happy that it is really too bad more men do not cultivate it.—Woman Correspondent in Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon's Memory.

Napoleon had a wonderful memory. When emperor he once surprised his council with his intimate knowledge of Roman law and was asked how he had obtained it. He stated that when a lieutenant he had once been placed under arrest and was in prison for two weeks. During that time the only book at his command was a treatise on Roman law. He sat down and in two weeks mastered the volume so completely that twenty years later he could repeat long passages from its pages. He never forgot a face or a name and would often greet private soldiers by their names, sometimes alluding to the march or the battle where he had seen them before. He kept in his head all the details of his military movements, and it was said of him that during the march to Italy and Marengo he knew where every pound of the supplies for the use of the army was located. It is said that he remembered the name of every officer to whom he ever issued a commission.

Steady Work, but a Good Home.

A bank president was engaging a private secretary. He said to the young man who seemed to fill the bill: "I would expect you to spend Saturday afternoons and Sundays at my country home, so as to aid me in any correspondence that might come up. Could you do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you ever let pleasure interfere with business? How are you on golf?"

"I have played a little, but not so much as"—

"See here, I want a straight answer. Are you a golfer or not?"

"I have won some cups, and my handicaps have been heavy, but as to interfering with business"—

"That will do," said the banker. "That's what I want you out there for. I want some man who can put up a good fight and keep me bumping on Saturday and Sunday. Come around on Monday and begin work."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Real Acme.

"The acme of happiness," gushed the ardent lover, "is to marry the woman you love."

"There's something in that," responded the old married man, "but the main point is to love the woman you marry."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two of a Kind.

"I tell you my love for you is making me mad—mad!"

"Well, keep quiet about it. It's had just the same effect upon papa."

Not a Contractor.

"Does your son worry you by contracting debts?"

"He doesn't contract debts; he expands them."

A SYMBOL OF PEACE.

The Dove Has Had This Distinction In All Ages Since the Flood.

The dove has been pictured as the bird of peace by writers and artists in all the ages since the time of the flood, for the dove has figured in the symbolism of many races and of countless generations. "According to the Century Dictionary, the dove is the bird of peace because of the incident recorded in the eighth chapter of Genesis: 'And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made, and he sent forth a raven which went to and fro until the waters were dried up from off the earth. And he sent forth a dove from him to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground, but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark. And he stayed yet another seven days, and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark, and the dove came to him in the evening, and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.'

"Proper names derived from the dove have always been used in the orient as descriptive of loveliness and were especially applied to beautiful women. The dove was woven into the pagan worship of ancient northern Europe, and it has a great place in early Christian life and symbolism. From immemorial time the dove has always been a type of innocence to the Jews. Elsewhere it has been associated since the Olympian age with the higher ideal of Venus as the symbol of natural human affection—the love that goes with purity and simplicity of heart. It had a part in marriage scenes and was naturally introduced by early Christian painters into pictures of the Madonna and child and of female saints. These qualities of gentleness and affection combined with their mournful notes made doves equally appropriate to moods of sorrow, and they were a part of the furniture of most pagan funerals. This passed on into Christian usage and their likenesses, generally combined with the olive branch, were carved on the tombs in the catacombs beneath Rome and elsewhere, emblematic of eternal peace.

"In the Sporting Magazine for 1825 this appeared: 'Pigeons are rarely seen at the table of the Russians, who entertain a superstitious veneration for these birds because the Holy Ghost assumed the form of a dove.' Commenting on this, a writer says, 'This custom of the abstinence from the flesh of the dove is far older than Christianity, being indeed in all probability connected with the same class of feelings as those which marked it out as the Aryan death bird.'"

Sir Richard F. Burton remarks: "Ever since Noah's dove every religion seems to consider the pigeon as the sacred bird. For example, every mosque swarms with pigeons, and the same exist in most Italian market places. The Hindoo pandits and the old Assyrian empire also have them."

THEY WERE GLUTTONS.

The Gormands of the Eighteenth Century in England.

A [illegible] of the eighteenth century in England. His tables groaned under an array of food warranted to take away the appetite of all save the Gargantuas of the day. One blessing was secured from the old soups and the later bisque and mock soup, which now were ever the prelude to the dinner. It was followed for meat or fish—a chine of bacon and three ducks in the case of [illegible], at Paddington, who for guineas to see sport theirs, offered pullets with eggs, fillet of beef and scollops, turkey in daube, stewed carp, veal à la royale, fricasseed chicken, with ham and pigeons for center dish. This was but the first course or relay. Next came the roasts—two pheasants and four partridges and six teal, and now, for side dishes, sweetbreads and marrow, four woodcock and ten snipe, salmon and smelts, marrow pudding, fore quarter of lamb and oyster loaves. For entire dish, mince pies. And men ate and survived, and still had heart within them to wait the removal of the cloth, and, greeting the dessert, sat over the mahogany until indeed they fell beneath it. After all, gormand is not the name for such as these. They were gluttons.

Stevenson's Love Toast.

A beautiful testimony to one's home loves was paid by Robert Louis Stevenson at a thanksgiving dinner in Samoa.

"There, on my right," said Stevenson, replying to an unexpected proposal of "The Host," "sits she who has but lately from our own loved native land come back to me—she whom, with no lessening of affection to those others to whom I cling, I love better than all the world besides—my mother. From the opposite end of the table, my wife, who has been all in all to me, when the days were very dark, looks tonight into my eyes—while we have both grown a bit older—with undiminished and undiminishable affection."

Which Won the Prize?

Three students of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Marseilles, were talking in a cafe. "My dear fellow," said one, "I painted the other day a little piece of pine wood in imitation of marble so perfectly that it sank to the bottom of the water."

"Pooh," said another. "Yesterday I suspended my thermometer on the easel that holds my 'View of the Polar Regions.' It fell at once to 20 below zero."

"That's nothing," said the last. "My portrait of the marquis is so lifelike that it has to be shaved twice a week."

His Own Great Foolishness.

Nordy—Your wife seems to think you'll get bunkoed if she lets you out of her sight. You must have once done something very foolish to have a woman looking after you like that, Butts—I did. I married her.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Betrayed to The Spanish

By SAMUEL LOVELACE

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Three men had lain down to sleep in a Cuban jungle—three men in ragged uniforms and unkempt in appearance to the last degree. Two of them wore bandages over fresh wounds, and the trio looked gaunt and starved and slept as if sleep had not come to them for several nights before. It was 8 o'clock when they threw themselves down among the land crabs, with the evening air swarming with mosquitoes, and it was an hour after midnight when one of them awoke and softly crawled over to another and whispered in his ear.

"Diaz, awake! It is time!"

"Is the Yankee sound asleep?" asked the other as he sat up.

"He sleeps like a pig. Things could not be better for us."

The two moved away like serpents through the rank grass and jungle until they had covered a hundred feet, and then they stood up and made their way swiftly along in the direction of the Spanish lines.

There were plenty of American adventurers in the ranks of the patriots—men whose sympathies were on the right side and who ran the blockade and joined the insurgents to fight for them as they had fought for the Union years before. Such men were at first given the hand of welcome, but when their dash and bravery had earned them promotion there were envy and jealousy to be reckoned with.

The man left lying alone in the jungle was Tom Warner, good natured, reckless and careless. Here, where he had been fighting for six months, nearly always on scout duty, he was called Captain Warner. He had a commission from Garcia, but the title was a barren one. He had furnished his own weapons and clothing and had never drawn a penny from what facetiously might be termed the insurgent treasury. He had won praise and admiration for a time, and then jealousy crept in to make certain men hope in secret that the Spaniards might make him captive. They had heard of the Yankee fighter—aye, and felt his blows—and they had said that they would give him no quarter if they were lucky enough to capture him. He had sent back a message of defiance and gone his way, and it never once entered his mind that some of the men whose battles he was assisting to fight might betray him.

"So you wish to surrender yourselves and at the same time put the Yankee into my hands?" asked the colonel into whose presence they were conducted from the picket post.

"Si, Senor Colonel. We wish to fight against our good friends the Spaniards no longer, and in surrendering we place in your hands one who has killed many of your brave men. The reward shall be what you will."

The colonel looked at them for a moment in contempt. The Spaniard is bloodthirsty and cruel in wartime, but he also has a code of honor. He might condescend to play the spy, but he would not condescend to betray for money.

Each one of the men was handed a five dollar gold piece and ordered to report to the officer of the day, and the colonel wrote a few lines and dispatched them by his orderly and lay down to sleep.

Two hours later he heard the sergeant's squad that had been sent out coming back with their prisoner, but he turned over and slept again. It would be time enough to settle with the Yankee in the morning. The squad had been guided to the place where the captain still slumbered, and he had been made a prisoner without resistance.

"And so, American, you are here, fighting among the rebels against our king!" sneered the colonel when he had eaten his breakfast and the prisoner stood before him.

"I am fighting for the independence of Cuba," was the quiet reply.

"The independence of a mob of dogs! However, that makes no difference. You are not one of them. You have no right here. You may have a commission, but I do not recognize it. No rebel dog has authority to issue commissions. You know your fate, senor?"

"I believe you sent me word only a month ago that you would shoot me without trial if I had the misfortune to be captured."

"And rest assured I shall do so. No; I will not shoot you; I will hang you. You are a spy, and you shall die by the rope."

"On what day and hour?" was the calm inquiry.

"Days and hours!" thundered the colonel as he showed his teeth at his prisoner. "I have no days and hours for the hanging of such as you. I string them up at my own convenience. At 10 o'clock an hour and a half from now—you shall dance on nothing!"

"Very well, colonel," said Tom as he uttered and fell back and was marched away by his guard.

"He is a brave man," mused the colonel later on, "but he defied me. Yes, I will hang him, and I will make him afraid before he is swung off. When the dogs of renegades hear how he died, begging for his life, it will be a lesson to be heeded. He is hungry and thirsty, but he shall neither eat nor drink before the execution."

The force under the colonel comprised about 400 men. Orders were sent out to parade, all but the sentinels, under arms at 10:15, and a corporal was detailed to see to the erection of a gallows. His work was not arduous or lengthy. A small tree trunk was passed from the crotch of one tree to another and a noosed rope tied to its center. The prisoner would be placed on a pork barrel—an American pork barrel for the grim irony—and it would be kicked from under him.

At the hour named by the colonel the troops were under arms and formed a three sided square around the gallows. Then the prisoner was brought out. His elbows were tied behind him, and in his contempt for the Cubans who had sold their officer the colonel ordered the two men to march with the condemned man and act as his executioners. They had sold a man for money, but when it came to playing the part of hangmen they rebelled. They hung back, but the colonel ordered the halt applied.

When the prisoner was led under the noosed rope the colonel faced him and made him a butt of ridicule. He pointed at his rags, at his starved looks, at his unkempt appearance, and the soldiers in line laughed. From ridicule he turned to sarcasm and thence to abuse and revilement, and during the long half hour the prisoner faced him calmly without a word. There were not ten men in the lines who did not feel a secret admiration for him. The colonel had failed to shake his nerve, and, chagrined and angered, he ordered one of the deserters to place the barrel and the other to assist the prisoner to mount.

Then it was that one of the betrayers felt the stings of conscience. He was the one who was placing the barrel. He knew what he was going to do would bring him perhaps a more cruel death than that designed for his captain, but he did not hesitate. Like a flash he whipped out a knife and cut the prisoner's bonds, and, though taken by surprise, Captain Tom bounded away toward the forest.

In his excitement the colonel called upon the lines to fire and run after the fleeing man. A volley was let go, and when the smoke cleared away the colonel lay dead on the ground, the victim of twenty bullets.

For a moment every soldier seemed dumb and without power to move. Then there were shouts and yells, and the lines broke and became a mob. When order was restored the renegades were no longer in sight. The jungle sheltered them and the captain who had betrayed.

"Poor devils!" the released man said. "I don't blame you much. It's a hard road to liberty, and a man has to be something more than a fishworm to win it."

Charming the Ants.

The mistress of a house in India has to deal with strange servants, picturesque creatures whose minds are bent at every point by the traditions of caste or custom. Chota Chanklar was a day night watchman employed by Cornelia Sorabji because he had chosen that occupation. But by day he helped her do her gardening and after burying seeds would rush eagerly next morning to see if green leaves were showing.

When the little green things were really up there came white ants to eat them, and it was Chota Chanklar who found a remedy.

"It behooves us to call a magic man," he said. "He will say charms to the white ants, not forgetting to use some black tar and such things which are deadly to the ant people."

"Could not you and I use the black tar and such things, Chota Chanklar?" asked the mistress humbly.

"Maybe. But we could not say the words."

"But we will say words of our own."

He thought for a moment and then shook his head with melancholy energy. "No, no, Miss Sahib! The father-grandfathers ways are best always, and our father-grandfathers always called the magic men to this like trouble. Besides," he added appeasingly, "of course, though we people know better than the magic men, the ant people are senseless and would not understand our language."

So the ant people were exterminated with appropriate ceremonies.

No Twilight in Mexico.

There is almost no twilight in Mexico. You watch the sun, a blazing orb, descending with growing swiftness and wreathed in a veil of fire toward the horizon. Around, the air is amber tinted, glowing. Suddenly it begins to drop behind the distant mountains, and the shadows advance across the plain, swallowing up the landscape in mellow gloom. The shadow draws near and nearer—envelops the town. Behind you the sky is still lit up with the rosy beams. A line of shadow creeps swiftly up the rugged sides of old Popocatepetl, obscuring completely the base of the mountain as it advances. Up, up the snow capped crest, deepening in tint until at last it hangs like a great opal against the darkening sky. A moment it remains so, glowing and quivering as if on fire—grows smaller and is gone. Night has come.

Through the dusky silence you seek your hotel, passing on the roadside silent figures, fagot laden. "Adios, senor." Their soft voiced greeting falls upon your ear like a benediction.—Lee W. Ziegler in Recreation.

Through, but Kept Going.

A long winded member of the Massachusetts legislature was delivering a political address in a town not far from Boston, and the village folk gathered in the town hall to hear it.

He had been speaking quite awhile when finally an old Scotchman arose and walked out of the hall. At the door one of his countrymen was waiting with his hack to drive the orator to the station.

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Scot on the box.

The old man turned about.

"Aye," said he; "he's done lang ago, but he will na stop."

How Flies Walk on Window Panes.

The microscope reveals the neat contrivance which enables a fly to walk up a window pane or defy the laws of gravity by gliding along, back downward, on the ceiling. The magnifier shows the foot to be made up of two pads covered with fine, short hair, each pad having a hook above it. Behind each pad is a bag filled with a sticky liquid which oozes out whenever the fly puts his foot down. The amount which is pressed out of each foot is very small indeed, but, taken all together, it is amply sufficient to hold the insect in any position he chooses.

Be kind to the rich. They may not be rich always.—Florida Times-Union.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

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Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

When life's autumn comes, women worn out by the burdens of motherhood, yet shrink from that second "change of life" which will banish these burdens forever. They fear a change in form, in feature, in personal attractiveness. Such fears are largely warranted by the effects which this change produces in many women. But no woman need let these fears fret her.



Those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription do not suffer from the change of life either in face, form or feelings, as do other women. This fact is due to the intimate connection of the general health with the health of the organs peculiarly feminine. By preserving the health of these organs, and relieving the system from the debilitating drains, ulcers and inflammations which sap its health, "Favorite Prescription" paves the way for this natural change to come in Nature's way, without the loss of capacity to please others or personal inability to enjoy life.

"Your 'Favorite Prescription' brought me safely through that difficult period, called 'change of life,'" writes Mrs. Mary Eusmlinger, of 344 E. Ankeny St., Portland, Oregon. "This change made a very unpleasant disturbance through my entire system. I had hot and cold flashes, sick headaches, became excited, frustrated, nervous and irritable. My appetite was fitful and for days I was unable to eat a fair meal. My aunt recommended me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it made a great change for the better. Within two weeks the unpleasant feelings had disappeared. I have a husband and eight children so have the care of a large family but was able to attend to my household duties without any difficulty and passed the period without any more trouble. I can recommend your 'Favorite Prescription' as a grand medicine for women."

You may be willing that somebody else shall say that their baby is "just as good" as yours, but you don't want that baby substituted for yours. Let dealers say what they like about other medicines being "just as good," but don't let them substitute anything for "Favorite Prescription." It is absolutely unequaled.

THE BIG STORE.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

Baking Watches.

"I will be with you in a moment. I must finish the baking of this batch of watches first."

The speaker was a jeweler. He said as he worked:

"I suppose you are surprised at the idea of watch baking. I will explain. The machinery of a watch is delicate, yet it must work the same in winter as in summer, the same in Russia as in Cairo, the same in the Sahara as in Iceland. There is only one way to accomplish this—the watch must be regulated to heat and cold.

"I am regulating these watches to heat. Afterward, in a refrigerator, I will regulate them to cold. Then when they go out in the world they won't disgrace themselves in any climate. Chronometers must be regulated more carefully than watches. They are often kept for weeks in temperatures that are now zero and now 120 degrees."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Incentives to Marriage.

Apparently the German town of Hasebmann does not believe in a state of single blessedness. Annual prizes are offered to the men who wed the ugliest, the most deformed and the oldest women in the town. Eighty dollars is paid to the man who marries the ugliest, while but $80 is the reward for the one marrying the cripple. All women over forty who have been jilted at least twice bring their spouses sums which vary according to the state of the fund, which was left by a rich resident of the town. The average price paid is $50 to each unless they should be unusually numerous, while the trustees are empowered to pay a larger sum when, in their judgment, it seems wise to hold forth a special inducement to procure the marriage of some particularly unfortunate woman.

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as nutmeg hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black or shellbark standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Ficus aurea. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitae, and the lightest is cork. Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various sections of the country, and of this number sixteen, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.

No Reason For Two Trips.

Patrick's wife was ailing, and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell him about her.

"Now," said the doctor, when he had heard all Patrick had to say and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle and I want her to try it faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again and I will give you another prescription."

"Now, doctor, see here," said Patrick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician. "If you have your doubts o' this curin' Mary, as it's evident ye have by the way you spake, why don't ye give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"

One Mystery Solved.

Boarding house habitues who have repeatedly complained of the dark, cheerless coloring of the wall paper in their rooms may find something to interest them in the information recently elicited by a curious clerk in a department store.

"I should like to know," said the clerk—"in fact, I have long wanted to know—why it is that you ladies who manage boarding houses always choose such dark paper."

"Well," said the prospective purchaser, "if that is the only thing you want to know you might just as well have got wise long ago. We like dark paper because with that on the walls the nails the boarders use to tack up their pictures don't leave such ghastly scars."—New York Press.

Torpedo Boats.

Torpedo boats do not ram the vessels against which they operate; they simply discharge self propelling torpedoes which, if they strike the vessel, explode and sink or otherwise damage it. Then, if not sunk by the enemy's fire, the torpedo boat runs away and after taking on more torpedoes is ready for service again. Torpedo boats are built very light and of enormous speed. They cannot resist gun fire and are easily sunk if hit even by comparatively light guns; therefore, they [illegible] advantage in the night, [illegible] fleet has to be [illegible] with its searchlights.

[illegible]

[illegible] Grays [illegible] at the [illegible]

Not Too Much For One Load.

"Lawd," [illegible] "please [illegible] in dis worl' whar we livin' at all [illegible] we kin stand, but w'en we gits dizzy wid it en goes fer celebratin' too much des send 'long old Brer Trouble fer make us sit steady in de boat, en we'll be mighty thankful!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Accomplishments.

Muggins—My daughter will be a great catch for some one. She can cook or write poetry with equal ease and effectiveness. Juggins—Well, my daughter can write poetry. I never saw her try to cook it, but I'll bet she could.—Cleveland Leader.

The Duck and the Orator.

Some day, my child, I will take you out into the wide, green country and show you a young Pekin duck. He is an active little tyke, is the Pekin duckling, even when he doesn't date back further than day before yesterday. When it comes to swimming he is a slight reader, and he is more destructive to tender grass than a young Nebuchadnezzar. But unfortunately he is so constructed and flat of back that if by any chance he gets turned wrong side up he cannot turn over again unaided, and unless help comes he lies there and paddles the air with his little feet until he fans himself to death. He is cheerful about it, though, and makes no outcry, apparently thinking that because his legs are working he is swimming along according to Hoyle.

My child, a little duck on his back and the average after dinner orator on his feet are both deserving of the sympathy which we should be ever ready to bestow on the unfortunate, and therefore we should sign all petitions that are presented to us looking to the establishment of a commission to turn little ducks over and loquacious gentlemen down in the hope that if they are prevented from paddling and gabbling themselves to death they may be of some use hereafter.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

Heredity Mysteries.

"If there is much virtue in the doctrine of inherited qualities, why is there such a vast difference, as we see in a multitude of instances, between brothers or between sisters?" said an observer of men and things. "Years ago I began to make a study of this matter, and I have a book at home filled with cases bearing on fraternal disparities. I know of a learned jurist, and a most excellent man from every point of view, who has a brother in the penitentiary. I knew of a family of six brothers, three of whom were men of the highest social and business standing, while the other three were knaves and vagabonds, outcasts from society. They had the same father and mother, the same moral and intellectual training. Whence the difference? I know of two sisters, one of whom is an angel and the other a totally depraved creature. Inherited qualities often exist and are influential in the formation of character, but the law of their transmission is wholly uncertain."—Washington Post.

Motley's First London Dinner.

When Mr. Motley, the historian, was American minister to London he had trouble at his first dinner party. Mr. Leveson Gower says: "At that time couples were sent in to dinner in pairs, but nobody's place was fixed. Unfortunately the Turkish ambassador was allotted to Lady Waldegrave, who did not care to have him as her neighbor. She consequently told him that his place was at the other side of the table. He, with oriental politeness, did as she bade him and sat down opposite to her. This upset the whole arrangement. The couples wandered about the room like sheep that were being driven out of a field. Mr. Motley, who had every merit except a good temper, went into a passion, and I nearly died of laughing."

The Dance of the Gods.

At the great festival of the New Year held at Lhassa the "dance of the gods" is performed in the presence of the grand lama. A long cable of twisted leather thongs is stretched from a high point in the battlements of the lama's palace to the plain below, and two men slide from top to bottom, lying on their chests and spreading out their arms as if to swim. The tremendous rapidity of the descent is frequently fatal to the dancers, but there are never wanting fanatics who will undertake it in the hope of a happy transmigration or adventurers attracted by the value of the reward offered by the court.

Father of Electric Railways.

The honor of first suggesting an electric railway must be accorded to Thomas Davenport of Brandon, Vt., blacksmith and electrician, inventor and scientist. In 1834 he ran a toy motor mounted on wheels on a small circular railway, and a year later he exhibited it at Springfield and at Boston. Then it gave up the ghost, and for more than twoscore years various inventors, in utter ignorance of the principles of the modern dynamo and with no source of power except the zinc burning primary battery, labored with small reward.—Century.

Worth While.

Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while. One who says an encouraging word to a disheartened neighbor gives a look of love to a lonely one or speaks a sentence which may become strength, guidance and comfort to another does something worth while. It is always worth while to live nobly, victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty.

Proving His Love.

Bride—I know you don't love me! Groom—Why, child, what makes you say that? Bride—Because you're not jealous. Why, Mayme Gray's been married nearly a year, and her husband's so jealous that he's shot at her twice and tried to kill himself three times!

Poor Polish.

"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"

"Well—yes. It was the same thing."

"Ah! What was the exact word?"

"He said you were a slippery fellow."—Cleveland Leader.

Not Quite Clear.

Green—Jones was run over by a trolley car yesterday. They say he cannot recover. Brown—Who said he couldn't recover, his doctor or his lawyer?—Chicago News.

Her Idea.

Mr. Settledown—I'd prefer to stay at home once in awhile. My idea of domestic bliss was to have a home of our own. Mrs. Settledown—Exactly, and some place else to go to.

"Gie Us a Lead."

Dean Hole in his book, "More Memories," tells an amusing story of how an old woman got the better of her clergyman in an argument. The village churchyard was overcrowded except on its sunless northern side, in which the suicide was buried. One day the vicar, while visiting a poor old woman who was nigh unto death, thought he would try to get her consent to be buried in the roomy northern plot. He began by assuring her that the common aversion to burial in any particular portion of consecrated ground was a silly prejudice and a foolish superstition. Then he besought her, as a personal favor to himself and as an example to others, to permit her body to be buried in the northern plot of the churchyard.

The old woman thought it all over for a few minutes and then answered: "Well, sir, as you seem to think as one part of the churchyard is as good as another and that it makes no difference where we lie put, perhaps you'll gie us a lead."

The vicar did not grasp the argument, but he changed the subject.

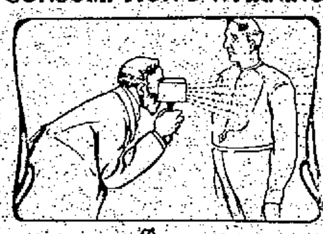
Diamond Cut Diamond.

"This is a hard world," growled the chronic kicker.

"That's what!" replied the observant man. "The only thing with which you can make an impression on it is 'rocks.'"—Exchange.

Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once.—Shakespeare.

CONSUMPTION'S WARNING



Inside facts soon become evident in outside symptoms.—DR. G. G. GREEN.

¶The aid of scientific inventions is not needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms can be readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

¶There is no disease known that gives so many plain warnings of its approach as consumption, and no serious disease that can be so quickly reached and checked if the medicine used is Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which is made to cure consumption.

¶It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warnings are given in the cough that won't quit, the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration.

¶But no matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

¶New trial bottles, 25c. Regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS.

SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

HAND PAINTED CHINA

STATIONERY

PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

F. S. FLOUR now $1.70 in 1-4 bbl. paper sacks.

Quaker 2 pound Rolled Oats have the call, 10c package.

Warm Weather Eatables

Corn Beef, Roast Beef, Veal Loaf, Ham Loaf, Dried Beef, Pitted Cherries, Salmon, Pickled Herring, Cove Oysters, Sardines, Olives, Sweet, Sour or Dill Pickles, Pickled Walnuts, Baked Beans.

Several other articles too numerous to mention which can be served cold, and not heat up the house. Prompt delivery and small orders will receive the same attention as larger ones. Your further favors requested.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

GREAT SHIRT WAIST SALE

SATURDAY, JULY 22nd

A large assortment of the most desirable styles in white and colored Shirt Waists will be put on sale Saturday morning at 8 o'clock at cut prices.

$1.75 and $2.00 waists now reduced to $1.25.

$1.50 and $1.65 waists @ 98c. 65c and 75c waists @ 25c and 50c

Now is your time to get an excellent waist for little money. Bargains in white and colored shirt waist suits and skirts. A good assortment of trimmed and ready-to-wear hats now will go at cost. Don't fail to take advantage of this money making opportunity.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 20, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—E. W. Strong, the plumber, has a new ad to-day of general interest

—M. J. Welch's new dwelling house on Bank street is nearly ready for occupancy.

—John Haley, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Haley of East Main street, is ill with typhoid fever.

—Tuesday was the warmest day to date. Thermometers about town registered from 92 to 96 in the shade at noon.

—Bradford's curfew ordinance which has been more or less of a joke among the juveniles is enjoying a period of enforcement.

—A hint to the wise is sufficient—read Monheimer's ad in another column. City stores offer no better bargains than Monheimer announces.

—John Tretton's dwelling house at the corner of East Main and Pike streets is being repainted and will soon be occupied by Mr. Tretton and family.

—The many friends of John Covely are pleased to see that young man out again. He is rapidly recovering from the effects of an attack of appendicitis and the necessary operation.

—Jacob Klein has resigned his position in a Smethport hardware store, and Monday next will begin the duties of his new position in the Ryan & Co. hardware store in this place.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—At Monday night's session of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers in Cleveland, Ohio, L. A. Faulkner of Dunkirk, Ind., was elected president of that organization. Mr. Faulkner has been acting as president since the retirement of W. S. Phillips.

—D. W. Van Wegan of Cross Fork recently closed the contract for the cutting of 350,000,000 feet of timber for the Lackawanna Lumber Co. The big tract is in West Virginia and Mr. Van Wegan and associates will start work upon it as soon as they are through at Cross Fork.

—George Standish, a Wichita county, Kansas, farmer, one morning recently laughed so hard because a rain had passed around his wheat field that he dislocated his jaw. He had to go twelve miles to have a doctor attend the injury. Before he got home another rain came up and ruined his crop.

—An automobile party came over from Smethport Saturday evening and took supper at the New Fleming, returning in the early evening. There were two fine touring cars belonging to Dr. E. R. Baker and H. H. Redfield. Autos are quite a fad at the county seat, there being nine very fine cars in the town.—Kane Republican.

—Nearly all Bradford people remember W. A. ("Andy") King, formerly in the First National bank of this city. Some years ago Mr. King went to Gulfport, Miss. He is now vice president of the First National bank of Gulfport, and at a recent meeting of the State Bankers' association he made an address on "The Commercial and Industrial Development of Mississippi," of which the Southern Banker speaks in high terms as a very interesting history of the Louisiana territory.—Record.

PITIABLE IMPROVIDENCE.

The Way Money Is Wasted Through Ignorance of Food Values.

Examples of glaring ignorance of food values may well be culled from the notes of those experts who have visited the poor of the different cities. In the slums of Chicago it was found that a woman whose husband was out of work and whose family was living on a few cents a day bought lettuce, a food so innutritious that, at least when out of season and high in price, it is a luxury even for the rich. This woman sacrificed the inexpensive but nutritious classes of foods for leaves containing over 80 per cent of water and 15 per cent of refuse. It has been truthfully said that a man would starve to death on a diet of lettuce alone.

Pitiable improvidence was found in the New York slums. A watchman was feeding his family at the rate of 14 cents per person a day—all that he could afford—yet his wife bought expensive cuts of beef instead of the equally nutritious cuts of lower price; also large quantities of butter whose value might have been invested in dried beans and more bread. She also wasted money on soda crackers and jumbles costing two or three times as much as bread and containing no more nutrition. It was estimated that his wife might have obtained about eight times as much nutrition for her money had she substituted dried peas for green peas. Another large saving would have been the substitution of fresh for condensed milk.—John E. Watkins in Reader Magazine.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—Franklin.

Subscribe for the MINER.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 20, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WATSON.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

SIX persons were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the Depot hotel at Wabash, Minn., on Tuesday.

GEN. W. W. BLACKMAR, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., died in Boise, Idaho, on Sunday of intestinal nephritis.

IT is reported that former Speaker Henderson is suffering with paresis and his physician holds out no promise of permanent relief. This man will be greatly missed in the affairs of our nation.

PROSPECTIVE candidates for the legislature from this county are quite numerous at the present time and with the aspirants now in the field we should be well represented at the next session.

AT Syracuse this week a mother sued her son for $1,000 for assaulting her and got a judgment for that amount, and the son, Arthur Lloyd, is now in jail, serving sentence for beating his mother. A thousand years in solitary confinement would not be too much for a man who will beat his mother.

DANIEL MALONEY, who had made numerous successful ascensions with Prof. Montgomery's aeroplane, fell the other day 3,000 feet to his death at Santa Clara, Cal. The machine turned over twice and then shot to the ground. His skull was fractured and blood was flowing from his ears and mouth. He died within a short time. The aeroplane was demolished.

THE political housecleaning in Philadelphia still continues and several arrests will probably be made in a few days. Principal among these, it was learned, will be the arrest of Israel W. Durham, Republican organization leader in Philadelphia, and State Senator J. P. McNichol, who, it is alleged, have been sharing in the profits on the city contracts.

THE movement among European countries to break up the white slave traffic is a commendable undertaking. During past years systematic efforts have been made by promoters of vice in America to place unsuspecting immigrant girls in houses of debauchery and to control their lives as the slave drivers of the South did those who had been purchased by them. Exposures made some time ago in the city of Philadelphia were chiefly responsible for the present effort to abolish the vile traffic.—Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., July 15, 1905.

The railroads of the country apparently believe that they have defeated the the President in his campaign for railway rate legislation. At least they have recently sent out confidential statements from the press bureau which they maintain, to oppose railway rate legislation, saying that the President has been convinced of the error of his ways and that the effort to secure legislation for the protection of shippers and consumers will not be seriously pressed at the next session of Congress.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. The President is just as much in earnest as he ever was. He will present in his next message to Congress the strongest possible argument in favor of delegating to the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to fix rates wherever the existing schedules are found, on examination, to be unjust, the rates fixed by the Commission to take effect immediately and to go into effect within from thirty to sixty days and to remain in force until and unless set aside by the courts. The great effort of the railways will be to prevent any rate set by the Interstate Commerce Commission from going into effect until approved by the courts. This would mean of course, that the wealthy railroads would keep every contest in the courts for years, taking appeal after appeal, until the unfortunate shipper who had made the complaint was exhausted, financially ruined, or dead.

With the law advocated by the President once on the statutes it is probable that there would be comparatively few instances in which the Interstate Commerce Commission would feel it necessary to fix rates for the reason that the railroads themselves, knowing that such a power existed, would take care to make reasonable and just rates. There might be numerous complaints to the Commission but there would probably be few instances where the Commission would find it necessary to exercise its rate making power. The railroads appreciate all this full well, and dread the day when they may be compelled to make just rates in order to avoid the changing of their schedules by the Commission.

The President has not, under the Constitution, any legislative authority and all he can do is to exert his influence as Chief Executive, and as dispenser of federal patronage. He must, therefore, receive the hearty support of the people if he is to succeed in persuading Congress to enact any really material reform legislation. The railroads have many representatives in both houses of Congress who will fight for their master to the bitter end and the people must give to the President their most enthusiastic support if he is to win. The railroads have been very clever in their campaign and have already persuaded many members of Congress, possibly a majority, that public sentiment is not with the President in his campaign for a square deal for the shippers and consumers. They have brought before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate numerous shippers, beholden to the railroads for favors of one sort or another, who have testified that the shippers do not want railway rate legislation and as a result those members of both House and Senate who never have very strong convictions are disposed to vote against the legislation urged by the President.

If the people of the country really appreciate the value of the campaign the President is prepared to conduct in their behalf they will get to work immediately. Legislatures must be petitioned to instruct their Senators to vote for the legislation endorsed by the President, resolutions must be adopted, shippers must organize and genuine hard work must be done by every man interested in the defeat of the railway schemes. Otherwise the powerful railway lobby which will be in Washington next winter will win in a walk.

Under the strong impetus given it by the President, the investigation of the Department of Agriculture's bureau of statistics is moving right along. The President has taken the whole matter out of the hands of Secretary Wilson and has confided it to the Department of Justice, and Solicitor General Hoyt and District Attorney Beach are pushing the investigations as rapidly as circumstances will permit. It is generally believed that John Hyde, chief statistician of the Bureau, will be asked to resign when the investigation is concluded. It is not shown that Mr. Hyde was guilty of anything in the least savoring of dishonesty but it is claimed that he has manifested serious incompetence and a grave lack of administrative ability and that the investigation will show that he is not up to the heavy responsibilities which must necessarily devolve on the chief statistician, the most important of which is the capacity to judge men.

The appointment of M. Witte, vice M. Muravieff, as chief Russian plenipotentiary to the coming peace conference is regarded as an exceptionally favorable indication that a lasting peace will be the result of the conference. Although it has been deemed impolitic to discuss it, it is now admitted that grave apprehension was felt over the selection of M. Muravieff and the Russian peace party had from the first urged that M. Witte, who opposed the war with Japan originally and who has long been a sincere advocate of peace, be substituted. The arrangements are being rapidly perfected for the meeting of the conference which is to occur early in August at the Portsmouth navy yard. The place is ideally situated for such meeting. The navy yard occupies an island in the mouth of the harbor where none may land without permission from the commandant and intruders can thus be kept at a distance.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal.

Fall term of 15 weeks begins September 11th. The facilities at this important school for doing first-class work, professional and academic, were never better than now. Its graduates are required to do a full year's teaching in the training school. Its faculty has the best American and European training. Buildings modern. College Preparatory department. Location unexcelled. Fine Gymnasium. Expense moderate. Free tuition to prospective teachers. Address for illustrated catalogue, the Principal.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

SMETHPORT, PA.

ANNUAL JULY CLEARANCE SALE

As is our custom at this season of the year to empty all shelves and clear all of our counters of Spring and Summer Goods and other lines which have not sold as rapidly as they should have done, and mark them at prices which will be sure to sell them out in a few days.

In addition to our regular stock we have added to this sale a portion of the H. A. Kratzer stock of Dry Goods, of Clearfield, Pa., which we recently purchased at 50c on the dollar.

This is the opportunity of the year in Smethport.

Take advantage of these low prices and buy liberally.

Forestall future needs by buying now. Seasonable and staple goods at about half value.

Sale starts

SATURDAY JULY 15, 1905,

and continues up to and including

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905.

WASH GOODS NOW NEARLY HALF.

Splendid values to choose from.

At 9 1-2 c

Out 12½c Sea Island Percales in light and dark patterns.

At 9 1-2 c

Best 15c grade German linen, for shirt waist suits.

At 7 1-2 c

12½c quality Batiste in all leading colors.

At 12 1-2 c

Fine 25c grade St. Gall Organdies reduced to 12½c.

At 12 1-2 c

Regular 20c Mohair Lustre in pretty patterns.

At 10 1-2 c

15c Kimono silks in Persian designs. Now 10½c.

At 8c

15c Batiste in floral designs, now 8c per yard.

At 29c

50c Wool Challie in assorted colors and patterns, 50 and 75c all wool vestings, 50 and 60c Cotton Mercerized Vestings, white with black and colored woven stripe. 50c Silk Ginghams, 34 inches wide, all in one lot at one price, 29c yd.

At 9c

A lot of Fancy Cheviots, former price 35c yd, they are suitable for ladies' waist and shirt waist suits, men's outing or negligee shirts. Reduced to 9c yd.

At 12 1-2 c

Full yard wide 25c quality figured and lace striped Madras at exactly half-price 12 1-2 c.

At 9c

A lot of 15c figured Silkolines in odd lengths. Reduced to 9c.

At 6c

Plain Colored Dimities and Lawns, regular price 15c and 25c yd. Reduced to 6c yd.

At 4 1-2 c

Best Standard Prints in light and dark shades.

At 4 1-2 c

Best quality Apron Ginghams, now 4½c yd.

At 7 1-2 c

7½ and 12½c Dress Ginghams, Amoskeag and Bates Seersuckers.

AT HALF PRICE.

A lot of fine wash fabrics in different qualities, all are good styles and patterns, but are in odd and short lengths. Your choice of any at exactly half their regular price.

At 6c

18 inch Russian Crash 10c quality, reduced to 6c yd.

At 3 3-4 c

16 inch Union Crash 6c quality reduced to 3¾c.

At 4 3-4 c

Full yard wide Brown Muslin, best 6c quality, reduced to 4¾c

At 6 1-2 c

Full yard wide genuine Hill Bleached Muslin, reduced to 6½c

At 18c

9-4 Unbleached Sheeting, Regular 22c Quality, Reduced to 18c

GLOVES AND PARASOLS.

At 29c

Ladies' 50c Black Lace Lisle, or white, tan and gray plain lisle gloves, reduced to 29c.

At Half Price.

All Ladies' Parasols, price $2 and up to $5 will be sold at just half their regular price.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

At 2c yd.

Lot No. 1, Val. and Torchon Laces worth from 5 to 8c. Sale price 2c.

At 4c yd

Lot No. 3, Embroidery, Beading and Insertions worth 6 to 8c. Sale price 4c yd.

At 5c yd

Lot No. 2, Val. and Torchon Laces worth from 8 to 12c yd. Sale price 5c yd.

At 8c yd

Another lot of Embroideries, Regular retail price 12½c to 15c. Sale price 8c yd.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

At Warm Weather Prices.

At 7c

Ladies' 10c Ribbed Under Vests.

At 13c

Infants 25c Lace Hose and Sox in black, white, pink, light blue and red, reduced to a half, 13c pr.

At 10c

Ladies' 15c Ribbed Under Vests.

At 19c

Ladies' 25c Embroidered and Lace Hose, reduced to 19c.

At 19c

Ladies' Fine 50c Silk Lisle Vests in pink and light blue.

At 37c

Ladies' 50c Lace Lile Hose, reduced to 37c.

All Children's Underwear at 25 to 33⅓ per cent. Discount.

We have not the space to quote prices on carpets, matting, lace curtains and many other items which will be on sale at prices away below the former selling price. Watch for Hand Bill Left at Your Door.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY, Smethport, Pa.

Summer Stuff

I have a line of the very latest stuff for summer for men and boys.

Our white soft felt hats are just out and very popular in the large towns and college towns.

White shirts with the attached cuffs are always swell.

A new full line of small boys' wash suits.

Fine flannels in trousers or suits in ready or tailor made.

Pongee shirts with soft collar and cuffs attached.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GO TO STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG

AND BUY YOUR

DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,

AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

Graduation Presents
and
Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.



HAYING TOOLS

The genuine Little Giant Scythe. The best made	90c
The Forest City Scythe. A good one for a little money	60c
A first quality Scythe Snath. None better	70c
Scythe Stones. We have three grades at	5c, 10c and 15c
Sections for all standard Mowing Machine, each	5c

We are agents for the Champion Hay Rakes. These we believe are the best horse rakes on the market. We have both the Iron and Wood Champion Hay Rakes in stock and are selling the wood for $21.00 and the iron for $22.00.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 20, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Fry & Comes advertise additional bargains at their clearance sale this week.

—About forty members of the Eastern Star are enjoying a picnic at Riverhurst to-day.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has a new ad to-day that should attract attention from the ladies.

—Mary L. Bisett advertises a special sale of shirt waists and underwear in another column of to-day's issue.

—The Lindholm Co.'s big sale is still going on. Read the low prices quoted in its large ad and profit thereby.

—The Ladies' Aid society of St. Elizabeth's church is holding a quilting bee at James McKean's barn this afternoon.

—Miss Dusky L. Hill and Mr. George Schleiff of Sergeant township were married Thursday afternoon, July 13, by Justice B. L. Knapp.

—"Rube" Waddell, the famous pitcher, visited his home in St. Marys last week and participated in a game of baseball arranged in his honor.

—Camping parties are numerous at present, in fact, the town is almost deserted by the young people this week, but the "woods is full of 'em."

—E. W. Strong estimates that it will cost him $30 to repair the damage done his new dwelling house on East King street by last Thursday's storm.

—The subjects for next Sunday, July 23rd, at the Baptist church are: Morning, "The Saving Hope"; evening, "A Crown for the Man Who Fails."

—The Smethport baseball team will try to take a full out of the York State folks representing Bolivar on the diamond this afternoon. The trial is on at Bolivar.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Cummins very pleasantly entertained a small party of friends at their home on the corner of Mechanic and Cemetery streets last Friday evening.

—Giovanni Vittorio, an Italian, murderously stabbed an American girl at Johnsonburg Sunday night and escaped. The girl, who was an inmate of a house of ill-repute, is seriously injured.

—Patrick Lavelle has taken possession of the Union House, subject to transfer of license, as successor to Fred Heckel, the retiring proprietor, who will soon start on a trip to Europe.—Bradford Era.

—Letters from Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce say that they are having a very enjoyable trip down the river on the houseboat, "Tourist." They expect to reach Pittsburg this week.

—Edinboro Normal surrounds its students by the best influences for study. Send for catalogue. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The combined choirs will sing at the evening service.

—Owing to the fact that the Derrick City baseball team did not put in an appearance the game advertised for Tuesday did not occur at Kane Field. Eldred cancelled its date at Mt. Jewett the same day.

—Rev. W. A. Day is to conduct services in the East Smethport Union church next Sunday afternoon, July 23rd, at 3 o'clock. The subject of the address will be "Cherith." All are invited to attend.

—The tenth annual convention of the Five County Volunteer Firemen's Association will be held at Coudersport, Wednesday and Thursday, August 16 and 17. The Smethport Hose Co. has been invited to participate.

—Work is progressing rapidly on John Vanblad's new blacksmith shop on East Water street. Iron siding in imitation of brick work is being used and the building will be an attractive appearing as well as a conveniently arranged one.

—Deputy Sheriff C. C. Choate has closed up the plant of the Bradford Woodworking company, on lower Corydon street, at the instance of the Bovaird & Seyfang company. The effects will be sold by the sheriff on Monday, July 24.—Record.

—The 38th annual convention of the Glass Bottle Blowers association of the United States and Canada, closed Tuesday at Terre Haute, Ind., after the election of all national officers and the selection of Atlantic City as the next meeting place.

—Mrs. C. L. Willey, while descending the stairs from Mrs. Allen Park's flat in the Reilly block, Monday night, made a misstep and plunged to the bottom of the stairway. The lady sustained severe and painful bruises, but, fortunately, no bones were broken.

—In a letter to the editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald Attorney H. S. Rogers withdraws as a candidate for the appointment of postmaster of Mt. Jewett, as he finds he could not profitably give up his law practice to fulfill the duties of that position.

—Burt McAllister's appointment as chief of the Bradford Fire Department was again presented to the councils of that city Monday evening and the deadlock is still on. The recent postal card vote held in that city showed that the people are in favor of McAllister's appointment by a ratio of about four to one. The three councilmen who still "hang out," probably figure that three-fourths of Bradford's voters are very unreasonable men.

—The pulpit of the M. E. church will be filled by Messrs. Andorfer and Day during the absence of the pastor, Rev. Willey. Rev. W. A. Day, of the Baptist church, will preach at a union service in the Methodist church on the first Sunday evening in August.

—Captain George H. Hyde of Ridgway recently paid $3,000 for an automobile. The machine was put through its paces in the vicinity of Ridgway, Wednesday of last week, when a gasoline leak resulted in a blaze that consumed the combustible portions of the auto.

—H. G. Mitchell, who has been in poor health for sometime, is receiving medical treatment at the Steuben Sanitarium in Hornellsville, to which institution he was taken on Friday. He was accompanied by his son, George Mitchell, and wife of Smethport, who will remain with him.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Editor R. M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News will receive the appointment as postmaster of that mountain village. Once in a great while an editor's services are recognized and he gets a position worth holding. The Miner is glad that Mr. Swisher will get the office, as he has certainly earned the favor, and will undoubtedly make a competent official.

—Bradford is making great preparations to entertain the firemen at the big convention which will be held in that city the second week in August. That there will be a mammoth attendance is an assured fact as firemen from all over the state have been there before and know that every detail concerning a successful and enjoyable meeting will be carefully perfected by the residents of that hospitable city.

—A penny-in-the-slot machine at the Shawmut station was broken into and robbed Thursday night and $1.00 in one-cent pieces taken. A musician, late of Langstaff's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., who was stranded in town, was gathered in by the police Friday on a charge of intoxication and thoroughly searched on suspicion of having committed the theft, but no evidence was found to connect him in any way with the "gum game."

—The members of the P. H. C. will hold a picnic next Wednesday July 26, at Riverhurst. All members and friends are invited to attend. If a party of 75 people can be secured the fare will be 75 cents for the round trip; if that number cannot be secured the fare will be $1. All persons who wish to attend the picnic are requested to notify C. M. Colegrove as soon as possible. The party will leave on the morning train over the Shawmut and return on the evening train.

—The body of an unknown man was found in the river at Eldred last Friday. The corpse was that of a middle aged man who was well dressed and on his person was a gold watch and $75 in cash. On Sunday evening the body was buried. Owing to the decomposed condition of the corpse it was beyond identification. An inquest was held by a justice of the peace, but no facts were elicited as to the identity of the dead man or the circumstances attending his death.

—On Monday morning last John Johnson of Pearl street was mowing his yard with a scythe when his little child got in the way and before he could stop the stroke of the scythe a terrible gash was cut in the child's leg. Medical aid was quickly summoned and the little one made as comfortable as possible. The father is nearly distracted over the distressing accident and sincerely hopes with all the rest of us that no serious results will follow.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Personal Mention.

A. W. Colegrove visited Chipmunk Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus are in Bradford to-day.

Walter Daniels visited friends in Port Allegany this week.

Mrs. James McGowan visited Simpson friends Saturday.

Miss Adeline Learn of Eldred visited in town this week.

Miss Eva Hopper left to-day for a visit with St. Marys friends.

W. B. Fry of Hazelhurst was visiting friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. Clive Black of Port Allegany is visiting relatives in town.

Deputy Sheriff C. C. Choate had business in Bradford Monday.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughters are visiting in St. Marys.

Miss Beulah Holder visited Port Allegany relatives last week.

Miss Bessie King of Port Allegany is visiting Miss Mabel Camp.

Attorney W. L. Calkins was down from Mt. Jewett Tuesday.

Orlo J. Hamlin and H. H. Redfield visited Buffalo this week.

Mrs. E. M. Cheesoman is making an extended visit in Pittsburg.

Dr. John Tretton of Rochester, N. Y. is visiting his parents in town.

Miss Louise Shoenberger of Chicago is a guest of Smethport friends.

Miss Irene Harrison of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting Miss Ida Rubin.

Charles Liebold returned Monday from a several days' visit in Buffalo.

J. A. Holder visited his daughter, Mrs. Foster Studholme, in Olean this week.

W. H. and J. L. Morrison were among the Smethport visitors in Bradford Friday.

Herman F. Grabo of Bradford visited Smethport friends from Saturday until Monday.

Clarence Backer of Boston, Mass., was greeting old friends in town Saturday.

W. J. Flaherty of Bradford was renewing acquaintances in town during the week.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Miss Josephine Monroe over Sunday.

Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Mt. Jewett was calling on friends in town the latter part of last week.

Miss Imogene McGowan returned on Saturday from a week's visit with friends at Cyclone.

Guy McCoy and family are at Frog Camp and will pass a month in their cottage at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett were the guests of Mrs. J. W. Brennan over Sunday.

T. W. Camp is attending a business meeting of the window glass manufacturers in Columbus, Ohio.

Maurice Hungiville and daughter, Miss Bessie, of Rixford were guests of his son, Fred, Sunday. Miss Bessie will visit here a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Chas. Mather of Bear Lake, Mrs. Stevens, Misses Eva Berry and Gladys Berry of Panama, N. Y., are guests of F. A. Green and family of East King street.

Rev. Dr. A. C. Willey and family have gone to Chautauqua for two weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Flora A. Morton of Syracuse, N. Y., a sister of Mrs. Willey.

Mrs. M. L. Church and daughter, Miss Edna, of Titusville are visiting relatives and friends in town. They were residents of Smethport for a number of years and have many friends in town.

Mrs. Minnie Schlabig, who returned Tuesday night from a visit with friends at Camp Pleasant, near Millgrove, reports that a carp 17 inches long was sent to her father, Cyrus Burrett, and that one of the party recently caught a carp that was 22 inches long. The campers are: Mr. and Mrs. William Frost and daughter, Fred Milroy and Harry Livingston.

A. S. Moorehouse is shipping household goods this week to furnish his new cottage at Chautauqua Lake. On Tuesday next Mr. Moorehouse and son, Roy, will leave for the lake and on Wednesday will be joined by Mrs. Moorehouse, daughter, Leona, and Mr. and Mrs. James Moorehouse and son of Utica, Ohio. The party expects to remain at the lake until the last week in August.

James and Charles McKean of Smethport and S. W. Hubbard of Newton are attending a session of the United States district court at Erie this week. The McKean Bros. are among the firms that brought suits for damages against the Erie railroad on account of the ravages of forest fires, which are claimed to have been started by sparks from defendant's locomotives in the vicinity of Newton, in May, 1900.

A party composed of the following young people are spending a week at Daly Brook Lodge: Miss Florence McManus of Parkersburg, W. Va., Miss Irene Harrison of Syracuse, N. Y., Miss Nellie Hart of New Castle, Miss Bessie King of Port Allegany, Mrs. Harvey McQuiston, La Junta, Mexico, Misses Ida Rubin, Ruth Forrest, Mabel Camp, Ethel Gifford and Lucy Mitchell of Smethport, Mr. Silman of St. Marys, James Carlson and Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany, Robert McConeghy of Coudersport, Ed Walker, Harry Rubin, S. F. Redfield, E. T. Newman, Lawrence Morrison and Dr. Wilson of Smethport.

Protect your animals from the torture of the flies by using So-Bos-So.
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LOST—A pair of gold bowed glasses. Finder will receive a liberal reward by returning to S. E. Bell.

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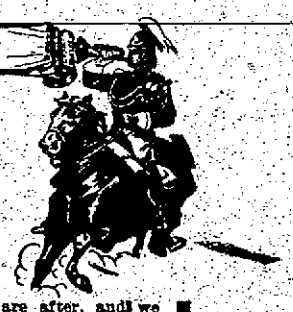
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More Dollar Stretching
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Hundreds of men and women of thrift are coming to these clearing sales of ours. Its genuine bargains of seasonable merchandise they are after, and we have yet to hear of the first disappointed one. The reason is plain—things are just as advertised. Here's a new list which goes into effect

FRIDAY MORNING.

LACE CURTAINS

15 prs. Nottingham Curtains, white and a few ecru $2.25, $3.35 and $2.50 grades, 3½ yds. long, at per pair $1.85

10 prs. Bobbinet Curtains, Battenberg braid trimming, ruffled or plain styles, white only, regular price $2.50, 2½ and 3 yds. long, at per pair $1.85

11 pr. Norringham Curtains, white only. They have been selling at 3.25 to 3.50, 3½ long, at per pair $2.50

2 prs. white Arabian Net Curtains, regular price $3.75, 3½ long, at per pair $3.90

2 prs. Irish Point Curtains, a 6.00 article, 3½ long, at per pair $3.90

COTTAGE RODS

Oak or white finish. Complete ready to put up, 4 ft. long, the 10c goods 6c

PORTIER LOOPS

Assorted colors, 35c and 50c lines, at per pair 17c and 35c

LACES 1-2 price

250 yds. Oriental Lace, 3 to 5 in. wide, at 5c

300 yds. Band Trimmings, white and cream, at 8c to 25c

One lot of Val. Laces & Insertions, all widths, 1c to 20c

DRESS BINDINGS

4 and 7c Bias Velveteen, per yd. 4c

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MEN'S FURNISHINGS

BELTS—all the best styles in 25, 50 and 75c grades, at 19c 38c 50c

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All sizes for men and boys. A few styles in 50c goods and Dollar Monarchs 25c

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The regular 10c glove 6c

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SHAWKNIT make, seconds or imperfect pairs of the 25c goods, blacks & greys 13c

FRY & COMES.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

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A Topic of to-day is: "How to get the most comfort during the hot days?"

A nice hammock is a great place to spend a hot afternoon. Ours are strong yet pretty and are just the thing for picnics and camping parties. Come and see them and get prices before buying elsewhere.

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Mutiny and Piracy

By CLARA TAYLOR

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Aunt Hannah Snow, wife of Captain Jabez Snow of Kennebunk, was almost as good a sailor as her husband. She had gone with him to the West Indies on seven voyages and had acted as mate and second mate. She could mend a sail, steer her trick, make or take in sail and use a quadrant as well as any one, or at least as well as any mate that ever sailed with the Hannah Snow, as the brig was named. Captain Snow ran between Boston and the West India islands, and the shippers of Boston came to know his wife and the way she could discipline a crew and handle the craft.

On a certain date the brig was loading in Boston for a quick market. Extra help was put on to get the cargo aboard, and Captain Jabez signed a bond to get that cargo to its destination within a certain number of days, barring hurricanes, waterspouts and other acts of Providence. The bond had not been signed more than an hour when he broke his leg. Nothing was surer than that he could not carry out his agreement, and a great financial loss as well as many weeks of vexatious delay stared the couple in the face. They must either find a captain to take charge of the brig or forfeit the charter and pay a good round sum, and Captain Jabez was wondering if a man could be found when his wife broke in on him.

"Jabez, you have broke your leg, and I don't want to be cross with you, but you seem to forgit that I am still on earth."

"No, I don't," he replied, "but I don't see what you can do in this case except to git me back home and nurse me."

"Well, I see where I can do something else, and I'm goin' to do it too. I'm goin' to take the Hannah to the West Indies and back and save our charter."

"Have you lost your senses?"

"Not a bit of it. If I couldn't make that voyage I wouldn't be worth my salt. I know all the crew, and I'll have Bill Henderson for mate. We'll slip down there and be back ag'in before your leg has begun to knit. There needn't be any more talk about finding a captain."

When Captain Jabez thought the matter over he was inclined to think that his wife could do all she said, but the consignees had to be consulted. When Aunt Hannah went to them and stated the case they did not raise a single objection, and it was settled that she was to be Captain Hannah Snow for the voyage. It was only after the brig had left port that the mate's meanness came to the surface. He had sailed with the craft on several voyages and was a neighbor of the Snows at home. When the accident happened to Captain Jabez the mate naturally hoped to get command for the voyage. He would have been distressed if any other captain had come aboard, but to be walked over by a woman, even though she was the captain's wife and a neighbor, was too much.

Aunt Hannah saw that he was in the sulks. "Look here, Bill Henderson," she said. "It won't do you the least mite of good to go on biting your tongue over this. I can captain this brig as well as Jabez, and I'm going to take her out and back."

"You'll have her at the bottom before we strike the gulf stream," he replied.

"You never mind where I'll have her, but 'tend to your knitting. We are to crack on and make the best time we can."

A day later she found the mate carrying too little sail, and an argument ensued. Later on she came on deck from her watch below to find him chumming with the men. Two or three other things happened to put her out of temper, and she exercised the privilege of a captain by "breaking" the mate and sending him to the fo'castle. When she would replace him with the next best man, the sailor refused to take the place. The crew was with the mate. Aunt Hannah expressed her mind freely, and as a consequence the crew refused to obey. The brig was brought to the wind; sail taken off, and the woman was laughed at. She was told that not a man would do duty until the mate was reinstated.

"Then it's mutiny, is it?" she replied. "Very well. I'll let you know that you've got the wrong pig by the ear. I'll lose brig, cargo and everything else in the world before I'll give in."

For a day and a night the brig made no progress, and as the weather was fair she incurred no danger.

The crew saw that the woman did not intend to give in, and it angered them. There was one among them who had read dozens of pirate books and always longed to sail under the black flag. Things had never come right for him before, but now he took advantage of the temper of the others to broach the subject. He was a good talker, and he held out such an alluring picture that even the mate, who was above the average man in intelligence, agreed to go into the pirate business with the others. This decision was communicated to Captain Hannah, who was wandering about unconcernedly.

"Waal, Bill, that's all right," she retorted. "There's a rum and sugar loaded bark comin' our way, and you might begin on her. I've got a black shawl which I'll give you for a flag, and you just lay to, board that bark and give 'em fits."

"I'll either turn pirate or command this brig," stoutly asserted the ex-mate.

"Then it is a pirate you'll become, for you'll never git command here."

So a signal of distress was set on the brig, and when the bark came up and was hove to she was boarded by all the crew of the Snow in their own yawl. They might have committed some foolish act and had to smart for it but for the woman left aboard. Just before they reached the bark she hoisted her black shawl as a signal and a warning. The crew of the stranger saw that something was wrong, and when the "pirates" attempted to board they were met with capstan bars and belaying pins. Some were seized and flung into the sea after being well thumped, and when the bark resumed her voyage and the yawl returned to the brig with the discomfited "pirates" they were met at the gangway by Captain Hannah and an ancient fowling piece and told to sheer off. They felt it wise to obey, and for seven long hours they floated within a cable's length of the brig and took turns begging Aunt Hannah's pardon and entreating her forgiveness. When they were half dead with thirst and hunger she invited them aboard, or, rather, permitted them to crawl over the rail and promise all sorts of good behavior in future.

The brig had lost valuable time, but to make up for it Providence gave her a gale from the right quarter and she moved along quickly. She overran her time by a day, both going and coming, and never, after having their hurts attended to, was there a more willing mate or crew. Occasionally Captain Hannah had something to say about mutiny and piracy and broken heads, but she made no note of it in the log book, and perhaps she never told Captain Jabez. At least, when she had finished the return voyage, and he asked her how things had gone, she replied:

"I can't find the least mite of fault, and if you don't git around purty soon me'n the old brig and them Boston shippers will have no use for you."

It Recalled the Honeymoon.

Here is a quaint little story told of a young couple upon their wedding trip, crossing from Dover to Calais. Jenny had grown tired and sickly on deck, and James had led her to the saloon below, lovingly wrapping her up in a Scotch plaid in a snug looking corner. He then went and fetched her some eau de cologne and was not less lavish of endearing words until—until he found he had made a mistake.

His wife had moved to another corner of the saloon, more free from drafts, and an elderly woman with just the same sort of plaid had taken her place. Realizing the condition of affairs, James dropped the cologne bottle and fled. Later he induced his wife to go and apologize to the woman he had unwittingly lavished tenderness upon, and Jenny went.

"My dear," said the elderly woman tearfully, "don't apologize. It was nice to be called such sweet names. It reminded me of my honeymoon time. It's many a long year since my John had a tender word for me."

John never meant to be unkind and probably did love his wife. Only, like too many other married men, he fancied that the love which made for itself speech without measure before marriage had no need to break silence afterward.—London Tit-Bits.

The Giant's Chair.

In Dolgelly, in the north of Wales, there is a mountain celebrated in folklore, poetry and song as Cader Idris, or Idris' Chair. The hollow, couchlike excavation on the top of the mountain has given the peak its name. According to the Welsh bards, the depression was caused by the giant Idris long using it as a chair. There is a local tradition in north Wales that whoever passes the night in the Giant's Chair will be found in the morning either dead, crazy or endowed with the highest poetical aspirations. Idris is variously represented in Welsh tradition as a prince, magician, sorcerer and astronomer; the only thing on which all authorities agree being his immense stature. The "Lake of the Three Pebbles," which lies at the foot of the Giant's Chair, contains three large blocks of stone, which Idris is said to have once poured out of his boots. The smallest of these stones will weigh a ton and a half.

Why Prussia Is So Called.

The modern name of Prussia is derived from Borussi, or Porussi, who conquered the country about 320 B. C. Little is known concerning Prussia and its people till the tenth century except that that portion of the Baltic shore which is now included in the kingdom of Prussia was formerly inhabited by Slavonic tribes akin in customs and languages to the Lithuanians. They came in occasional collision with wave after wave of the great Teutonic race as it flowed down from the icy north, receiving their first knowledge of Christianity from Bishop Adalbert of Prague, whom they martyred in 997. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Teutonic knights, on their return from the crusades, undertook the conquest and conversion of Prussia. The Borussian element mingled with the followers of the Teutonic knights, and consequently with the Poles.

Tridacna Shells.

Tridacna shells are very commonly used in churches in Europe for holy water basins and even fonts. The largest perhaps are those in use at St. Peter's, Rome. These shells attain a weight of 500 pounds (the two valves together), the animal itself sometimes being twenty pounds in weight. The word "tridacna" is from the Greek tridaknos (eaten at three bites), but who could eat a twenty pound animal at three bites?—St. Nicholas.

SOME NOTED FASTERS

FEATS OF PERSONS WHO WENT LONG PERIODS WITHOUT FOOD.

The Remarkable Case of a French Girl Who Lived For Nearly Four Years on Water Alone—Fasts of the Famous Englishman, John Scott.

How long is it possible for man to maintain life without food of any description, liquid or solid? At the aquarium two "hunger artists," Signor Succi and M. Alexandre Jacquez, some years ago tied for premier honors in England by abstaining from food for forty-two days, and in the eighties of the last century a man named Merlatti maintained health and spirits for fifty days on a Spartan diet limited to sips of water.

But even such feats as these are mere pauses between meals compared with some of the fasts of still more remote generations, if we are to believe contemporary records. Thus we learn that a young French girl, Christina Michelot, after an attack of fever was utterly unable to swallow any form of food and from November, 1751, to July, 1755, swallowed nothing at all more sustaining than water. Remarkable to say, after nearly four years of this starvation diet she gradually recovered her health and lived long in the land.

For a year and three-quarters, it is said, a Ross-shire woman named Katherine McLeod actually lived without partaking of any form of sustenance. Once during this period an attempt was made to force food down her throat, but the woman narrowly escaped suffocation, and the attempt had to be abandoned.

A Harrogate girl of twelve, one Ann Walsh, lived for eighteen months on a daily glass of wine and water, a dietary on which she somehow managed to preserve health and good looks; Monica Mutcheterin, a Swabian, spent a whole year without swallowing either food or drink, and for three years she never slept, while Dr. Willan, an eighteenth century physician, had among his patients a monomaniac who for sixty-one days refused to touch food of any description.

About the same time, too, we are informed that a French peasant boy of Chateauroux was never known to partake of food during twelve months, and yet was able to do a good day's work on his father's farm.

Dr. Plot, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," tells a remarkable story of a woman, one Mary Waughton of Wigginton, who appears to have reduced the problem of living to its lowest material limits. "This," says her historian, "she does not eat in a day a piece above the size of half a crown in bread and butter, or, if meat, not above the quantity of a pigeon's egg at most," while her only beverage was a spoonful of milk and water daily, and yet, although this was Mary's modest fare year after year, she is described as "a maiden of fresh complexion and healthy enough."

Another Staffordshire worthy of the eighteenth century, one John Adams, lived for thirty years, it is said, on a daily crust of bread and a glass of water, and yet was famed for his muscular strength and his glowing performances. Unfortunately we do not know what John ate when nobody was looking.

In the two cases which follow we get on to more reliable ground, since the feats described are little more remarkable than those of our own time. In 1771 a Stamford man made a wager of £10 that he would touch neither food nor drink for fifty-one days, and he won his bet handsomely. The records, however, are silent as to the price he afterward paid for his defiance of nature.

The second of these old time fasters was the famous John Scott of Teviotdale, whose fasts have survived to our own day enshrined in border verse. John's first experiment as a faster was when he was incarcerated for not paying his creditors. So indignant was he that not a mouthful of prison fare passed his lips for thirty-two days. The fame of this feat got abroad, and the king, curious to test the man under stringent conditions, had him locked up with a loaf of bread and a jug of water in a room in Edinburgh castle.

When the door was opened at the end of thirty-two days the bread and water were quite untouched, and John seemed none the worse for his abstention. In later years Scott exhibited his powers as a modest eater to the pope, and his fame became great throughout Europe, while to crown his fasting performances when he was thrown into prison for railing against one of Henry VIII.'s divorces he threw all his own records into the shade by going "without bite or sup" for fifty days.—London Tit-Bits.

The Soap Bubble's Colors.

When light impinges on the soap bubble part of it is reflected from the exterior surface and part enters the film and is reflected from the interior surface. This latter portion traverses the water medium between the two surfaces twice and is therefore kept behind the first reflected ray. The two sets of waves interfere with each other and produce a colored light instead of a white light. Other waves again may destroy each other and extinguish the light. Some of the constituent colors of the impinging white light—formed by their passage through the film—interfere so as to destroy each other, while others remain unaffected. As the film diminishes in thickness the colors necessarily vary. In this way is accounted for the marvelous variety of beauty of colors in the soap bubbles, the iridescence of oil upon water, the changing color of steel when being tempered and the gaudiness of some insects' wings.

ROMAN DICE THROWING.

Devices Used to Prevent Fraud In the Days of the Caesars.

The number of dice used was three being marked with a minimum of one and a maximum of six spots. The most fortunate throw, called venereus by Cicero and basilicus by Plautus, was when the dice showed three sixes or eighteen spots. The gravity of the losses depended naturally upon the amount of money at stake and the fines that were paid when the dice showed one or more aces.

It is difficult to explain what skill had to do with such a game. Still Isidore describes how inveterate gambler could succeed in throwing the six and in avoiding the unit. In a graffito at Pompeii an honest player congratulates himself for having gained a good sum of money without fraud. Plautus dwells on these dishonest practices, to avoid which several instruments were invented, such as the horn and the fritillus.

It seems, however, that these instruments did not always fulfill their purpose. A third one was consequently invented in the shape of a tower, with a spiral staircase inside and a funnel on top. The dice, shaken first in the horn or in the fritillus, were thrown into the funnel and rolled down the spiral staircase until they landed on the table. Such precautions rendered cheating almost impossible.

INK THAT LIVES.

The Indelible Writing Fluid Used by the Old Irish Monks.

It is impossible to read the most ancient histories of the Irish saints without noticing how large a part books play in their lives.

In the library some cut the sheets of parchment or even sewed together in the neatest way the odd shreds, for the monk must not waste the gifts of God, especially when they are rare and dear. They polished it on one side until it was smooth and laid it near the scribe. Others prepared the peculiar thick inks of the Irish writers, very much like varnish, in different colors. The red was the most beautiful, and after 1,000 years it yet shines as the day it was first used. It was got from a kind of cockles collected on the seashore. Then there were black and green and golden inks, used in various thicknesses by the illuminators and the artists in miniature.

All these inks will resist chemicals that corrode iron. The ink was placed in thin conic glasses attached either to the side of the desk or to the chair, sometimes to the girdle of the writer, often fixed to the end of a pointed stick placed upright in the ground. It is owing to this peculiar skill in making ink that so many of the old Irish manuscripts have come down to us.—London Answers.

MISSING PERSONS.

Thousands Yearly Disappear and Are Never Heard From.

More than 5,000 persons annually disappear in the United States and are never heard from again. At first blush the assertion seems incredible, but police statistics furnish confirmation. The actual figures, based on a conservative calculation, are even more alarming than those given.

The tragedies of real life hidden within these peculiar cases, if they could but be brought to light, would rival many of the novels penned by the world's greatest writers. No subject that can be imagined has such weird fascination as that of the thousands and thousands who have gone down this grand canyon of oblivion.

It would be possible to fill many pages with the absorbing stories of these curious cases, but nearly every reader of the newspapers, whether he lives in village, town or city, is probably acquainted with some instance of the kind concerning either friend or relative. Men and women who have lost all they treasured most in life in this manner go about vacantly, numbly, ever waiting for the return of the missing one—a dream that never comes true.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Trousers In England.

Strange though it may appear to the present generation, it seems that trousers when first introduced into England were regarded as anything but a mark of respectability. In the original trust deed, drawn up in 1820, of Bethel chapel, Cambridge street, Sheffield, there was a clause containing the following prohibition: "Under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers." It is scarcely necessary to add that knee breeches and gaiters were then the correct attire.

A Flier.

"What's the reason you are so late?" demanded Mrs. Suburban.

"Well, you see," explained her bemuddled husband, "the train I came in on went so fearfully fast that we skipped several towns and had to go back after them!"—Detroit Free Press.

His Enviable Position.

"Are you in any way related to the nobility, Mr. Goldwaller?" inquired the reporter.

"Nope!" replied the rectangular but eminently astute old millionaire. "You see, all my children are boys."—Puck.

Our Flexible Language.

"Pa, what does it mean when you say that one man completely overshadows another?"

"Why—it means that he outshines him."

"Oh!"—Cleveland Leader.

Mean.

First Fair One—How dreadful it is to have a skeleton in the family! Second Fair One—I know, dear. Have you ever tried exercise?

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Clinite, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:51 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:20 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sunbury and Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m., Vestibuled B. fet sleeping cars and passenger coaches Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 85 daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv		Ar. P. M.
2:30	Ridgway	11:50
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:58	Glen Hazel	11:25
3:07	Straight	11:04
3:12	Instanter	10:59
3:20	Smith's Run	10:52
3:29	Woodvale	10:45
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 806, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Timetable in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:10 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:30		6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:55	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:35
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:26	5:39
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:50 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:48 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:40 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:30 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:56 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:32 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.15	2.16	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld June	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	.o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.4'
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.4'
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

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SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Peter's Best Trick

By S. R. ELLISON

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Peter's invitation to house parties and week ends always wound up with the requests more or less thinly veiled, that he come prepared to do tricks.

But Peter was not as much of a nuisance as the usual parlor entertainer. He was a really clever magician, who under other circumstances might have gained fame as a professional, and he enjoyed his performances himself, though he was wont to proclaim that he was loved not for himself alone, but for what he could do.

He did not mind as a rule the prominence given his work, but he had more than half decided to send polite regrets to Mrs. Furbush when he learned that Edith Percy would be one of the guests.

"Don't forget to bring your very best tricks," Mrs. Furbush wrote, "for we shall have private theatricals on Saturday evening, and they will come in very handy."

Peter thought of the scandalous fashion in which she had sought Edith Percy for Tom Furbush, and there was a hidden meaning in his polite assurance that he would have some new experiments for the delectation of Mrs. Furbush's guests.

That it not been for Tom Furbush, he thought, he would already have been able to wink at "yes" from Edith, but twice, when he had been on the verge of a proposal, Tom had hitchered around some corner with a sheepish grin to claim her for a dance or to deliver a message from his mother.

Peter firmly believed that Mrs. Furbush could feel him go into a conservatory or cozy corner with Edith, even though her back was turned. There would be an additional charm in winning Edith under that good lady's very nose.

That she should have tolerated him at her house party was not to be overplained upon any other ground than that she needed him for her entertainment, and, truth to tell, Mrs. Furbush waited long before she wrote the invitation while she weighed the question of her need. Only the knowledge



"THAT'S NOT THE SAME RING!"

that Peter's tricks would probably save her performance led her to extend the invitation, and for the rest she had faith in her skill as a social general to keep Peter away from Edith.

That her confidence was not misplaced was easily apparent to poor Peter, who found himself blocked at every turn in his endeavor to steal a few minutes with Edith. So anxious was Mrs. Furbush to keep them apart that she made the grave error of throwing Tom and Edith together too much, and the girl was heartily sick of her boorish admirer long before the end of the week.

Peter smiled as he noted these signs, and, to Mrs. Furbush's great delight, he spent several hours a day in his room practicing his tricks. It was her first party in the new house, and she wanted it to be talked about.

There were several tableaux, in which Edith and Tom frequently figured as lovers of history, and then while the participants in the tableaux were dressing there were vocal and instrumental numbers.

At last Peter was announced, and as he stepped upon the platform Edith, escorted by Tom, passed down the aisle to where front seats had been reserved for the participants in the performance.

In contrast with the amateurish work of those who had gone before Peter's work was positively brilliant. There were tricks he had never tried before, and long before the end of his programme his audience realized that he was working with some end in view.

For his last trick he had saved the ring boxes. Borrowing half a dozen rings in the audience, he ground them in a mortar, and, stuffing them into a gun, fired at a box which had hung on the stage all through his performance.

From this box he took a smaller one, and so on until half a dozen were piled upon the stage, before he reached the last box, within which lay five roses, to the stems of which rings were tied by ribbons. These he quickly tossed to their owners and ran back to the stage.

"Is there any lady who has not received her ring?" he called, with an assumption of anxiety.

"You have not returned Miss Percy's ring," called Tom sharply.

"That's so," admitted the magician, examining the box. "I am sure that all six were loaded into the gun."

"Well," said Tom complacently, "I guess one of them hung fire, then. I am positive Miss Percy has not her ring."

Edith, sharing the general belief that something had happened to spoil the trick, sought to silence her companion, but Tom would have none of it.

The favor accorded Peter's tricks angered him. He was clever in none of the society ways and bitterly jealous of those who were. If Peter had made a mistake he would force it home; he would humiliate him and make him a laughingstock.

"I admit that Miss Percy gave me the ring," agreed Peter, "but I am also positive that I shot it into that box and not into my pocket. Did any of you see the charge scatter?" He turned to the audience. None was prepared to admit the fact.

"It must be around here somewhere," he went on anxiously as he raised the bits of apparatus on the table and peered under them.

"It couldn't have gone on the table," insisted Tom. "If you put it in the gun."

"No?" said Peter. "Quite to the contrary, I think I shot it into this bottle." He tapped the bottle with a small hammer, and it fell apart, disclosing a turtledove with a ring tied about its neck. A murmur run through the audience as the people realized that Peter's anxiety had merely been a bit of by-play, and Tom bit his lips until they bled as he saw how he had been led into helping Peter out.

Peter came forward with the dove, and as he detached the ring and slipped it on Edith's finger he whispered something.

She nodded and nodded, but Tom's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of the ring.

"Ah," he called, "that's not the same ring."

"Is that your ring, Miss Percy?" he asked.

"It is," she replied as a wave of pink swept over her cheeks.

"But hers was a pearl," persisted Tom. "This is a diamond solitaire."

Then the full force of what the ring meant swept over him, and he sat down very suddenly.

"Since Miss Percy acknowledges the ring as her own," said Peter quietly, "I do not see what right you have to complain. The pearl ring you will find also on Miss Percy's finger."

Tom glanced at the hand and saw that Peter spoke the truth. "That's all right," he blustered, "but what's the other?"

"That," said Peter calmly, "is something that does not particularly concern you." And more than Edith smiled at the remark, for they realized that Peter Vance's best trick was to place an engagement ring on Edith's finger under Tom's very nose.

When Balzac Stumbled.

A comical Balzac story is thus quoted from the Gaulois:

The novelist, it appears, flattered himself upon his skill in reading character from handwriting, and the story is of the test applied to his skill. A lady brought him an extract from the exercise book of a twelve-year-old schoolboy and asked for an opinion as to the youngster's character and prospects. Balzac inquired whether the child was her own. Answered in the negative, he examined the exercise carefully and delivered his judgment. "Madame," he said, "this child is thick headed and frivolous. He will never come to any good. If he were my child, I would take him from school and put him to the plow." And then it had to be broken gently to the graphologist that the exercise on which he had pronounced so severely was one of his own which had been discovered hidden away between the leaves of an old lesson book.

You're Another.

A story is told about the smart sergeant of a crack English cavalry regiment. Whenever he had occasion to punish any of his men he invariably concluded the sentence by explaining, "And you are another." Every victim noticed this strange remark, but none could understand the meaning of it, and naturally they were afraid to ask. But one day a newly promoted sergeant determined to solve the mystery. He said to the sergeant:

"Sergeant, there is one thing I should like to ask you. I've often heard you say after inflicting punishment on a man, 'And you are another.' What do you really mean by that remark?"

"Well," said the sergeant, smiling, "I will tell you. I know that whenever I am obliged to punish an evildoer the victim always says to himself, 'What a stupid ass the sergeant is!' I get even with him by saying, 'And you are another.' Keep it dark."

"Look Pleasant."

What would be the effect upon civilization if everybody would keep constantly in mind that suggestion of the photographer, "Look pleasant?" The most difficult part of the photographer's work is the effort to get the subject before the camera to rid himself of the cold, stiff, set expression of his face and to replace it by a genial, kindly look or a smile. He is not willing to reproduce the sitter until he succeeds, because he knows that the change of expression will transform the photograph.

How the habit of looking pleasant would revolutionize our natures and civilization itself! If we could only get rid of the hard, eager, worried look habitual to many of us, not for the few seconds we stand before the camera, but for all our lives, how bright the world would grow!

TOWN OF MANY SCENTS.

Grasse, in the Riviera, the Center of the Perfumery Industry.

Cradled in the hills in the heart of the Riviera, the little town of Grasse holds the monopoly of the trade in scents.

Just why this spot should have been selected is not clear, for there are a hundred other places which are quite as conducive to the growth of flowers and much more accessible. But two or three manufacturers settled here and others followed, so today Grasse has it all her own way.

For miles there are orange groves as far as the eye can reach. There are fields of roses, jasmines, tuberoses, violet, jonquils and mignonette.

The air is heavy with the scent of these blossoms, but, should you wander through the town with its dark and narrow streets, the experience is vastly different. Here the scents are stronger and more pungent, and, mingling as they do with the odors of grease and machinery, the atmosphere is heavy with a thousand scents in process of manufacture.

The pick of the crops is brought to the factories by the farmers whose little homes dot the surrounding hills. Bruised and broken blossoms lose something of their fragrance, so the flowers are carefully borne in large trays on the heads of the farmers' wives and daughters.

Of course we all know that only eight or ten of the countless scents which are for sale in the drug stores are what they profess to be. You may ask for cherry blossom, wood violet or white rose and receive a liquid the odor of which recalls the flower which you know so well, but each is the creation of a skilled chemist and manufacturer and may contain no vestige of the flower in question.

The flowers really used in scent making are the jasmine, rose, tuberose, orange blossom, cassia, parma violet, jonquil, daffodil, mignonette and, to a smaller extent, geranium leaves, lavender and thyme. All other scents are judicious mixtures of the essence of these with infusions of spices and drugs.

Jasmine and tuberose scents are made by what is known as the cold process. A layer of fat is spread upon plates of glass, and the petals of flowers are scattered upon the top. The petals are removed every day, and fresh ones replace them till the fat is thoroughly impregnated with their scent, when it is stored as a white pomade.

Roses, orange blossoms and parma violets are similarly treated by the hot process. The fat is melted, and the leaves are put to soak in it till it grows cold, when it is placed in a hydraulic press, and the flowers are removed by means of a sieve.

This is not the pomade used by hairdressers, but simply the raw material used for the manufacture of essence. It may be kept for a year or more.

Roses and orange blossoms on being distilled give a scented water, at the top of which floats the essential oil. The waters are largely sold for the toilet as well as for the pharmacy and cookery.—New York Herald.

The Formation of Clouds.

Clouds are simply a form of water made visible by the cooling of the air which previously held the water in the form of invisible vapor. Every cloud may be regarded as the top of an invisible warm column or current thrusting its way into a colder body of air. The comparative altitude of a cloud may be judged when there is no time or opportunity to make exact measurements from its form and outline, its shape or shadow, its apparent size and movement, its perspective effect and the length of time it remains directly illuminated after sunset. By the last method some clouds have been estimated to have been at least ten miles above the surface of the earth. The cloud velocities at high altitudes have been carefully noted and show practically that at about five miles in height the velocities are three times as fast in summer and six times in winter as the velocities of the currents on the earth's surface.

Panama Hats.

"Talking about expensive hats," said a prominent New York hat dealer, "the most costly hat that was ever made was presented to General Grant while in Mexico in 1882. It cost $1,500 in gold. It is now in the National museum at Washington. Panama hats used to be frequently sold as high as $500 each. I remember selling four hats at that price in a single day in 1872, but such hats are no longer to be obtained. Such hats are still worn by the bildagos in South America. They are not made in Panama, but got the name because that city was formerly the greatest market for them. The finest hats come from Peru. They are made of the fiber of the pita or pineapple plant, which is as soft and pliable as silk, and some of them are so fine that they can be folded up and carried in one's vest pocket."

Snails Slow to Die.

Snails are slow even when it comes to dying, and one naturalist who had mounted a shell upon a card was surprised to find four years later that the warm water employed in soaking the shell off the mount had revived the inmate, which he had long since supposed to be dried and dead.

Several specimens in another collection were revived in a similar manner after they had lain in a drawer for some fifteen years. These had not been glued to a card, but had been left lying loose and, though frequently handled, had shown no signs of life. They were thrown into tepid water with the idea of cleaning out the shells, but to the surprise of the owner the snails were found creeping about the basin when he returned to complete the task.

Miranda's Whims

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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It was afternoon on one of the last hot days of summer. Through the open windows came glimpses of greenwood bespeaking a delicious coolness and the ripple of brooks, but in the schoolroom the air was undeniably close. The scratch of a pencil, the shuffling of impatient little feet, the drone of a lazy bee, all seemed to intensify the impression of heat, and the young schoolmaster stirred restlessly.

It had meant a great deal to Peter Raymond, securing the village school at Wimberly, but he had not found the task an easy one. His eyes, that over the rows of bent heads encountered the glance of a near the door. The girl, one or scholars, with a toss of her curls, returned to her book, and the trouble in the schoolmaster's face deepened. Here was the crux of the situation. If he could win Miranda Hemming to his side the remainder of the pupils would follow easily enough. But it was Miranda herself, with her great blue eyes, fetching dimples and coquettish ways, who openly led the revolt against him. The teacher sighed again. Perhaps he was too young.

From the very beginning of his work, however, Raymond had recognized a primitive instinct of hostility to the unknown in the questioning eyes uplifted to his own. Now, after five weeks, he seemed no nearer the solution of his problem; indeed, matters under Miranda's spirited guidance were becoming even worse, despite his pointed ignoring of her mutiny. He touched the bell.

"First class in grammar," he said. Miranda, with several other girls, ranging from sixteen to eighteen, came slowly forward. It was rather a trying recitation. Most of the girls stumbled. Miranda failed utterly, nor did she care. To all his questions she answered with provoking nonchalance, evidently indifferent as to whether he were pleased or not. Her rebellion had never before been quite so openly manifest. A sudden line of resolution tightened the young man's mouth.

"You may return to your seats," he said. "Miss Miranda, I shall expect you to remain after school until that lesson is recited perfectly."

"What!" cried the girl. Involuntarily she fell back a step, hardly believing her own ears. That any one should dare address her, Miranda Hemming, in such fashion! Raymond's expression did not change.

"You heard what I said," he returned quietly. "It should not take long."

For a moment Miranda stupefied, then she flounced indignantly back to her seat. The whole school, which had dropped all work to listen to the passage at arms between Miranda and the teacher, fairly shivered, and Tom Carruthers, a big, loutish chap of nineteen, shot a sullen look at Raymond. To scold Miranda! To the quivering excitement of the school the time until 4 o'clock appeared fairly to fly. Would teacher really keep in Miranda?

When the others arose, Miranda also sprang to her feet. Then something in the teacher's expression caused her to sink back in her seat, tingling and abashed. It took an unusually long time for the pupils to disperse that day, but at last they were all gone.

"You need not think that I shall study that lesson," she declared with sharp emphasis. Raymond nodded.

"As you please," he answered. "Only here we both stay until you do."

"And I'm not to have any supper?" incredulously.

"Not until you learn that lesson."

"But"— burst out Miranda furiously. Then she closed her lips with a snap and leaned back, her hands tempestuously folded before her. Raymond picked up a book.

"Take your own time," he said pleasantly.

But somehow the book did not prove very enthralling. Between his eyes and the printed pages persisted the vision of a willful little face set in its tangle of wavy hair. Yet he must not be beaten now. His whole future hung on this issue, he thought. The shadows lengthened, the sun dropped behind the hills. Miranda, who for some time had been stealing furtive glances at the quiet figure behind the big desk smiled prettily.

"I'm—I'm hungry," she wheedled. For an instant Raymond wavered. This new sweetness was strange and alluring. But before he could speak the door was flung open and Tom Carruthers appeared on the threshold.

"Ben't ye comin' home to supper, Mirandy?" he demanded. "Yer ma sent me fer ye," darting a suspicious look at her jailer. "Ain't ye comin'? I'll look out fer ye."

"Why," began Miranda feebly. Raymond, a sudden, unaccountable resentment surging into his heart, frowned.

"Miss Miranda is in no need of a champion," he declared stiffly. "She can leave when she chooses. You may go." And Tom, after an instant's scowling hesitation, went out, banging the door. Miranda bit her lip.

"I will never learn that lesson," she repeated stubbornly.

There was another long silence while the shadows darkened. At last the young man rose and lit the lamp.

"It is nearly 9 o'clock," he said briefly. Miranda, now close upon tears, looked back still defiant.

"And if I say it you'll let me go?"

"Certainly."

With rapid, choked utterances she flung the text at him, not pausing for question or comment. And then—

"I—I hate you," she cried vehemently; "hate you, hate you! And I'll never, never come into this horrid schoolroom again!" The bright drops shone in her eyes like dew on forgetmenots, her cheeks were flushed to a wild rose pink; the girl was shaken, puzzled, hurt. The village boys she had teased and ruled at will. For the first time she had found a man impervious alike to her anger or smiles. From the day that he, a stranger, had met her eyes, in calm unconcern she had unconsciously resented the fact. Now the repressed wrath of weeks found vent.

"I hate you," she reiterated stormily. The next moment she had flashed through the door and was gone. Raymond, oddly depressed in spite of his victory, followed slowly.

The world was flooded with the tranquil glory of the moonlight as he went out. A narrow path led to the road over a row of maples lifted their leafy branches to the starry skies, and Raymond, fancying that he caught the gleam of a white dress there under the trees, felt his heartbeats quicken. Somehow he had been looking forward to walking home with the girl. Then as he turned from locking the door a dark figure rushed by the corner of the schoolhouse, there was a woman's shrill scream, something heavy struck his forehead, and Raymond fell.

It must have been nearly an hour later when Raymond and Miranda stopped at the gate of the girl's home. Hearing footsteps, Mrs. Hemming came out to meet them.

"Well," she said, "so I hear you've been having trouble with Miranda. Tom was here in quite a state and wanted me to interfere. But I judged you knew how to run your own game," comfortably. "Did ye meet him?" Raymond, feeling the bump left by the stone on his forehead, laughed.

"Yes, we met him," he said whimsically. "And he left us in no doubt as to his opinion of me. Indeed, I might say that he left a decided impression. If it had not been that Miranda, suspecting there might be trouble, waited— But, after all, I do not know that I blame him much," he went on. "He could not appreciate that I was acting in Miranda's best interests," with mischievous emphasis. Miranda, very shy and conscious, flushed. Mrs. Hemming lifted her hands.

"What ever am I going to do with that girl?" she ejaculated. "Really, she's growing fairly unmanageable. If she only had a father!" The young man became suddenly quite grave.

"Will you intrust the task to me, Mrs. Hemming?" he asked. "I think I understand her better now."

"Trust you," cried Mrs. Hemming. "Why, ye're nothing but a boy yourself. How could you be a father to her?" regarding him in perplexed astonishment. Raymond bent and possessed himself of the girl's slender hand.

"No, I suspect that I couldn't be a father to her," he agreed, "but she has just promised to marry me."

Mezzofanti's Memory.

Cardinal Mezzofanti had a memory little short of miraculous. Dr. Russell, his biographer, says that the cardinal spoke with the greatest ease thirty languages, that he spoke fairly well nine, that he used occasionally, but not with fluency, eleven more, that he spoke imperfectly eight and that he could read eleven more. Taking, in addition, the number of dialects he used, some soldiers from the mother tongue as to constitute a different language, Dr. Russell says that the cardinal was master of no less than 111 different languages and dialects. His German was so excellent that he was taken for a native of Germany, while his French and English were equally pure. Dr. Tholuck heard him converse in German, Arabic, Spanish, Flemish, English, Latin, Greek, Swedish and Portuguese at one of the pope's receptions, and afterward Mezzofanti gave him an original poem in Persian and left him to take a lesson in Cornish. He knew several of the American Indian languages and nearly [illegible] dialects of India.

Why Prison Doorkeepers Are Surly.

"Why are the doorkeepers of prisons always surly? I guess it is because they have to answer so many foolish questions," said a prison doorkeeper.

"Only this morning a ring comes at the bell. I halt in the middle of my breakfast. I tramp down the long corridor. I unlock my fifty ton door with my twenty pound key. Outside stands a tough young man, his hat on the side of his head, who says:

"'Boss, when'll Joe Mace get out? Me and another feller's got a bet on it.'

"People come here and ask me when this prisoner's trial and that prisoner's trial take place. They come here without permits and demand to see a prisoner with the same air as you'd go to a friend's house and demand to see your friend. They bring presents to prisoners—boxes of cigars, bottles of rum, scarfpins and poker dice. It is the constant rebuffing of all these foolish persons that makes the doorkeeper of a prison surly."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Climate and Consonants.

In a book on his adventures in Tibet Colonel L. A. Waddell writes: "One curious result of the cold should be mentioned here—namely, its effect upon the speech of the people. A peculiarity of the language of the Tibetans, in common with the Russians and most arctic nations, is the remarkably few vowels in their words and the extraordinarily large number of consonants. For example, the Tibetan name for Sikhim is Hbrasljongs. Indeed, so full of consonants are Tibetan words that most of them could be articulated with almost semiclosed mouth, evidently from the enforced necessity to keep the lips closed as far as possible against the cutting cold when speaking."

SPIRIT OF THE PIANO.

More Adapted to the Parlor Than to the Concert Hall.

The fact that the piano is descended from the spinet and the harpsichord is still a stumbling block to amateurs of music. The fact that in tone and resonance it has lately been enormously developed is also a stumbling block to those who write for it. The first class have entirely neglected the harpsichord, a perfect and fully evolved instrument, the spirit of which is altogether different from that of the piano. The second class have been tempted by the dynamics of the piano to treat it too much like an orchestra and to forget that it is not only a solo instrument, but really a chamber instrument.

Its utterance, which Chopin understood so well, is really chamber music, and there is always something lamentable to me in the contemplation of a great artist distressing himself and his instrument in the attempt to fill a large concert room with exaggerated expressions of a delicate and intimate temperament. The effect is never entirely satisfactory, however great the artist may be, for that note of intimacy which is surely the very essence and spirit of the piano cannot possibly be maintained in the presence of a large and miscellaneous audience.

When we consider among all our impressions of pianoforte music the moments that have given us memorable pleasure, we find that they took place in intimate assemblies where some one played and some one sang and where the atmosphere thrilled with just that amount of electric disturbance which we call sympathy, which is born with the meeting of friends and dies when they disperse.—National Review.

THE DEEP SEA DIVER.

His Calling About the Most Gruesome of All Occupations.

Beyond all question, the calling of a deep sea diver employed in examining and clearing away sunken wrecks is the most gruesome. Putting aside the fact that his life is in constant danger from the results of submarine enemies or accident to his diving dress and apparatus, the sights that he is called upon to see, and to see, moreover, amid the most horrible surroundings, exceed in ghastliness even those which the hospital or the army surgeon is called upon to confront. Nowhere else on land or sea are so many accumulated horrors to be found as in the hull of a ship which has sunk with crew and passengers.

The hideous condition in which the diver finds the victims of the wreck, some half devoured by fish, some standing upright and floating to and fro with a ghastly parody of living motion, some still locked together, as though yet in the last agony of the death struggle, and some floating about the interior of a ship and knocking and rubbing up against him with a hideous lifelikeness that is utterly indescribable. These are some of the horrible sights which deep sea divers have to work amid when they are employed on sunken wrecks. When to all these are added the awful gloom and silence amid which the work has to be performed, there will not seem to be much doubt that of all modern callings that of the deep sea diver is the most gruesome.

Washing In Naples.

Washing in Naples is done in any old tub, barrel or dish and generally outside of the house, and by the amount of water used one would judge it to be scarce. Instead of a board a broad stone is used supported by one stick underneath and the edge of the tub. Water is cold, and the clothes are hung out to dry in every conceivable place. I saw some towels hung out of a window in the palace. No clothespins are used. When one can afford it rings are strung on to the line; otherwise strings are tied to strings, to which a double piece of short string is tied; one corner of the article to be dried is slipnoosed into this and so becomes loose.—Chicago Tribune.

A Curious Fruit.

A writer in the National Geographical Magazine tells of a tree growing in the Malay archipelago, the Andaman islands and Ceylon, which produces a fruit used in fishing, with results of a remarkable character. The fruit is pounded up into paste and left in bags overnight, after which it is sunk at low tide in deep holes along the reefs. The fish soon begin to appear at the surface, some of them lifeless, others attempting to swim or faintly struggling with their ventral side uppermost. In this condition the natives have no difficulty in picking them out of the water with their hands.

The Short Eared Owl.

The natives of Alaska say that the short eared owl, which is rather stupid and has a peculiarly shaped head, was originally a little girl. For some reason she was turned into a bird with a very long bill, much like a curlew's. Finding herself thus transformed, she started up in a wild, confused way and flew plump against the side of a house, compressing her bill and flattening her face.

Pleasant Relief.

Mrs. Spenders—George, I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about.

Mr. Spenders—Glad to hear it, my dear. I usually you want to talk to me about lots of things you haven't got but must have.—Philadelphia Press.

The Better Part.

It is much more comfortable, both to yourself and the rest of the world, to be a pleasant ass than to be an unpleasant bear.—Florence (Ga.) Times.

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A Street Scene, Bombay.

A man clad only in a yellow scarf and turban opens a mouth stained with the vivid vermilion of betel juice to show that the mango seed just swallowed has already become a small tree with green leaves pushing toward the light. A woman appears next upon the scene, bringing a crying baby in a closed hamper of bamboo. A dozen swords are instantly thrust through the interstices amid the ear piercing yells of the supposed victim; but as soon as the formidable blades are withdrawn the nine lived infant tumbles out of the basket and salaams to the assembled audience, holding out her tiny, brown hand for the well deserved backsheesh.

As the fun waxes fast and furious andry quarrels and recriminations between the rival magicians attract the intervention of the native police, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," symbolized by red turban and blue tunic, soon disperse the performers, bag and baggage, hastening the enforced departure with unlimited kicks and thumps, submissively received.

Peter the Great and Lawyers.

In Russia during the reign of Peter the Great private litigants might have their suits prosecuted free of cost by lawyers paid by the state. The emperor, discovering that his subjects were being imposed upon by their legal agents, who contrived to delay trials until they had sucked their clients dry, enacted that sufficient solicitors and attorneys should be employed at handsome yearly salaries to officiate for the public in every matter of law. He ordered further that these men should insert in a register written up daily the dates of applications to them and should proceed with the suits in the order in which they were received without respect of persons. If they failed to do so, if they accepted any bribe or fee or if they were dilatory these lawyers were to be knouted and sent to Siberia.

The Surgeon's Nightmare.

Two patients who called in company upon a noted surgeon found him bemoaning a twinge of pain in his right forefinger. The callers smiled.

"Great Scott, doctor," exclaimed one, "you don't mean to say that a pain in the finger bothers a man so used to scenes of suffering as yourself"

"It certainly does," the surgeon answered, with a worried look. "How do I know that it isn't the first symptom of blood poisoning? That is the nightmare of the surgeon. No matter how careful he may be, he is liable to contract poisoning in operating, and that kind of poisoning is of the most virulent type. Any time a surgeon is complaining about a pain in the hand sympathize with him, for he is doing some hard guessing."—Philadelphia Record.

A Birth Watch.

When a child is born in certain English towns there is a race for the health department, especially if the event has occurred in the poorer district. The reason for the haste is not a desire to see that the record of vital statistics is properly kept, but because there is a reward of a shilling to the one who is first to notify the health officer, provided this notification is given within forty-eight hours. As soon as the tip is received the mother is visited and given a printed slip with directions as to the best means of caring for the child, and the officer who makes the visit is expected to see that the directions are clearly understood.

A Whip in the Pulpit.

A writer in an English review tells a reminiscence of a brother of a famous dean of Christchurch. The brother was rector of a small parish. His eccentricity was somewhat remarkable. He was a famous whip and drove a splendid team, of which he was very proud. He was fond of showing off how he could flick a fly from either of his leaders' ears without touching the horse. This accomplishment he transferred to a rather neglected locality, for he always cracked his whip up into the pulpit with dire woe to the unfortunate member of his congregation whom he detected nodding.

The Stork's Balancing.

No one has really seen a stork until he has watched him stand on one leg beside his nest. After one has seen this feat he is sure it was a stork. Nothing in the animal kingdom is more marvelous than the way this great bird can balance his long body on a piece of bone which is no thicker than a wheat stalk and to behold also the perfect ease with which he goes to sleep while still poised in this critical position.

Not Interested.

Father—Robert, is it not about time that little boys were in bed? Robert (aged six, carelessly glancing at his watch)—Really, father, I must be excused from venturing an opinion. It is a subject in which I have little interest. I have no little boys, you know.

Fashionable Term.

"McBluff is suffering with rheumatism, I hear."

"No, he isn't suffering. He's got it, but he's quite proud and happy. His doctor calls it 'gout.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The Pain Part.

"Do you take pains with your eating?" asked the doctor.

"No," sadly replied the dyspeptic. "The pains don't come till afterward."—Philadelphia Record.

Still Worse.

Penelope—It's dreadful! Papa wants me to marry a man I have never seen.

Perdita—That's nothing. My father wants me to marry a man I have seen.

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A Disappointing Celebrity.

An odd impression was that which George Eliot conceived of Schiller after her visit to Weimar with Lewes in the August of the year of "the union," 1854. She was thrilled, she says, by the legend over the poet's old house, "Hier wohnte Schiller," but something in the nature of disillusionment awaited her within. It was very interesting to see his study, left in its original state. But when it came to his skull, "which we saw for the first time, we were amazed at the smallness of the intellectual region."

After that she could take no further pleasure in the contemplation of the too flattering bust and portrait. And then "Rauch told us that Schiller had a miserable Stirne"—a wretched forehead," while to complete the destruction of her ideal she heard how "Tieck, the sculptor, was wont to declare that something in Schiller's whole person reminded him of—a camel."—Pall Mall Gazette.

President Hayes' Watches.

President Hayes was in the habit of wearing a cheap nickel watch while in the White House, and much comment was aroused as to the reason. The truth was that almost weekly a deputation of western Indians called upon him, always bringing presents of some kind to the great father. Of course he was expected to give something in return, and the object was to find something cheap and at the same time acceptable. Watches were a novelty to the Indians, and to present a chief with a watch which the great father himself had been carrying always impressed him greatly. Having discovered this and not caring to distribute gold watches or even silver ones, Mr. Hayes hit upon the expedient of buying nickel watches at $30 a dozen and always made it convenient to have one with him against an emergency.

A Norway Legend.

According to a work on Norway, the scantiness of the soil in that country is explained by some of the country people as follows: At the creation of the world the angels whose duty it was to scatter the soil forgot Norway. Seeing this, the guardian angel of the land made complaints to the Creator. What was to be done? Impossible to restart the whole of the creation for the sake of Norway. "Come, my little angels," said he, "look carefully and perhaps you may still find a little earth." The conscience stricken angels swept the floor of heaven, and the little dust they found they gathered in their draperies and scattered over the Norwegian rocks.

Faces and Feet.

An English artist, writing in a London woman's magazine, says:

"I do not know if any one has ever drawn attention to the fact before, that you can generally tell the shape of a woman's foot by her face. There is as much character in a foot as in a hand. You will generally find the round faced, short nosed little woman has the prettiest ankle and foot; the high checked, long nosed woman the ugliest. Women with very pretty faces seldom have pretty feet. Nature, somehow or other, compensates its daughters."

Cautious.

First Burglar—Why not try to rob the house of that financier? Second Burglar—Never. He'll make good by getting the money back from the poor people. Let's confine ourselves to the middle classes.—Life.

TO SERVE WITH SOUP.

Mulligatawny.—Boiled rice.

Pea—Dried powdered mint, cayenne.

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MICHAEL HERZOG,
HENRY ROEDEL,
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